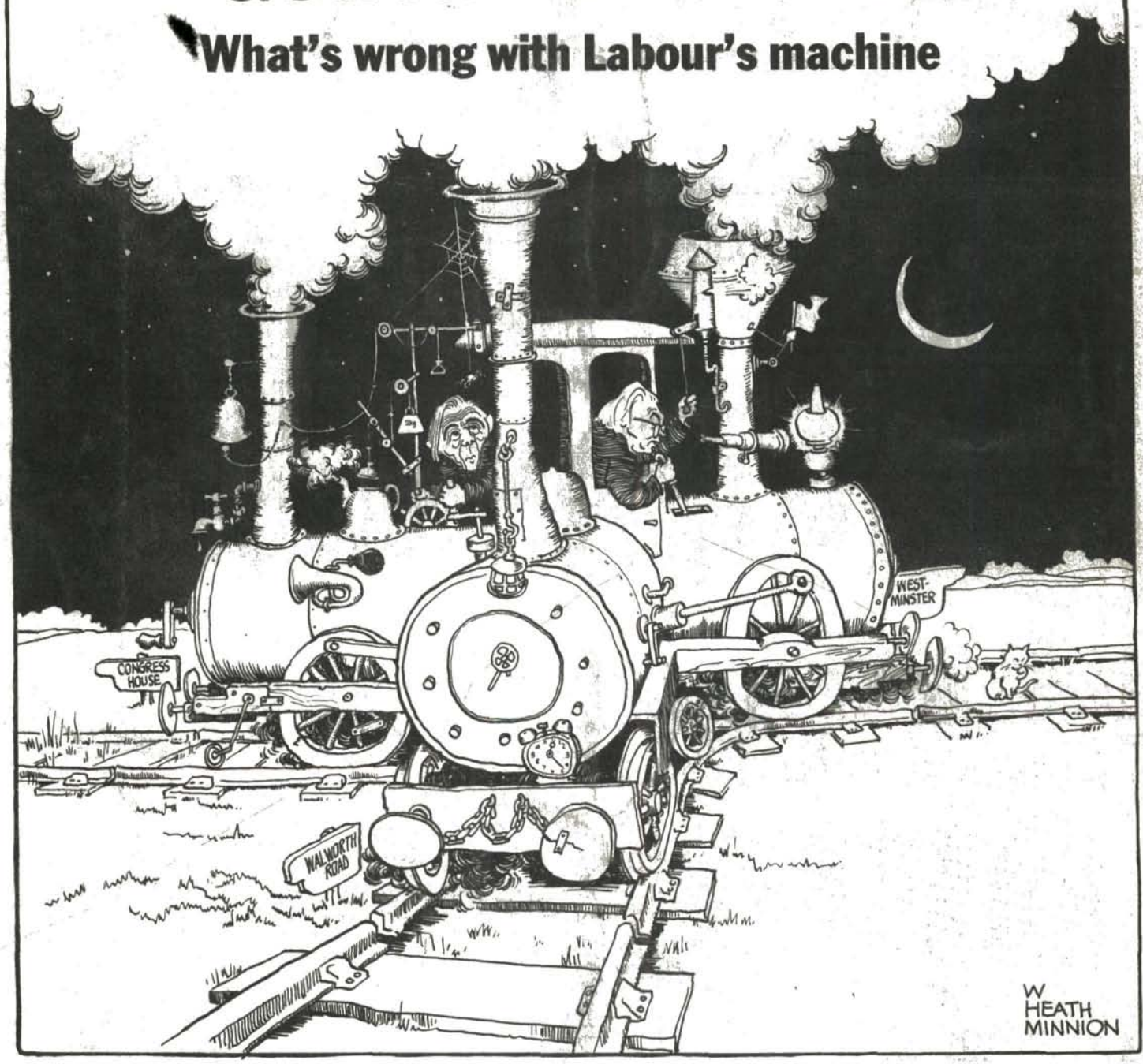
New Statesman

8 July 1983 70p IR £1.02 US$1.50 By Air

GOING NOWHERE

What's wrong with Labour's machine



Hanging the innocent ● Ireland resists Reagan

Fictional women at work ● Cosmopolitan jazz

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New Statesman

New Statesman
14-16 Farringdon Lane
London EC1R 3AU
Tel: 01-253 2001
Editorial: 01-253 2003
Telex: 28449
Cables: Newstat, London EC1
©1983 Statesman & Nation Publishing Company Ltd and contributors
Published and distributed by The Statesman & Nation Publishing Company Ltd

Subscriptions: Lesley Bridgmount, Cecilia Papadopoulos
Circulation: Liz Cooper, Tim Freeman
Display advertisements: Michael Roberts 01-253 2001
Classified advertisements: Laura Berryman, Stephen Mitchell 01-251 5487

Subscription Rates
Surface mail:
UK £29, Overseas £32

Air mail:
Europe £36, Middle East £39, Africa, India, South America £40, Australasia, Far East £45, USA $79, Canada $92

Unsolicited manuscripts will only be returned if an SAE is enclosed.

Cover drawing: John Minnion, with apologies to Heath Robinson

Time for an overhaul
In the first of a three-part series on Labour's machine, we probe into the Parliamentary Labour Party p.8

From down under
Patricia Hewitt offers a grim Antipodean parallel to Labour's defeat in Britain p.9

Murder most foul
If hanging returns, how many innocent people might go to the gallows? Bob Woffinden investigates p.10

Rocky alliance
Mary Holland on Irish-American strains p.17

Women at work
Jennifer Breen commends 20th century women novelists who haven't concentrated on 'love' p.24

Sleight-of-hand
Charles Fox reports on the Bracknell Jazz Festival p.29

News: pp.4-6
Peter Kellner: Labour's leader p.7
This England p.11
Hilary Gaskin & Jon Bate: The woman behind DNA p.12
Robert Kilroy-Silk: Drug addicts p.12
John Rentoul and Jamie Dettmer: Language schools p.14
Diary: Brian Sedgemore p.15
Roger Woddis p.15
Claudia Wright: Central America p.16
Leslie Caplan: Philippines p.18
Martin Bailey: US and apartheid p.19
Susan Jaffe: US peace camp p.20
Tony Paterson: German protest p.20
Bretécher p.21
Letters pp.22-3
Hugh Stephenson: Rupert Murdoch p.25
Laurence Lerner: Poem p.25
Bob Woffinden: Food p.26
Shorter Reviews p.27
Alan Brien: Paperbacks p.28
Harriett Gilbert: Fiction p.28
Stephanie Jordan: Dance p.30
John Coleman: Films p.31
John Spurling: Art p.31
Benedict Nightingale: Theatre p.32
Weekend Competition p.33
Anne Smith: First person p.33
Crossword p.34
Listings p.35

STUDENTS

Travel in interesting company

by taking advantage of our special summer subscription offer for students

ONLY £4.50 FOR 15 WEEKS
if you're in the UK throughout the summer (although we'll stretch a point and redirect up to 3 copies overseas for no extra charge)

At 30p a copy that's less than half price

If you intend to be overseas for more than 3 weeks, even for the whole 15 weeks,
IT'S ONLY £6

Please send your cheque, name, address(es) with details of your college, subject and final year to:

Lesley Bridgmount
NEW STATESMAN (SS83)
FREEPOST
LONDON EC1B 1EB

Property of
AMBASSADOR COLLEGE LIBRARY
Big Sandy, Texas

RECEIVED
AUG 31

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New Statesman Vol 106 No 2729 8 July 1983

Jenkin strikes again

A WIDELY HELD myth persists that this country has an active system of democratically accountable local government. The reality is that year by year over the past two decades the independence of local government has been steadily eroded by Westminster politicians and Whitehall civil servants. The process has accelerated significantly under this government and has been politically motivated. Mr Patrick Jenkin's announcement on Tuesday that he was docking £280 million more from the rate support grant that would have been paid to mainly Labour-controlled councils is only the last in a series of steps taken to transform nominally independent and elected bodies into puppet-agents of central government.

Education and housing are two of the main functions administered by local government. In each of them, central government has persistently intervened in one direction or another to curtail or remove the rights of directly elected politicians to carry out the policies on which they were elected. In the Labour case it was to enforce the introduction of comprehensive schools. In the Tory case it has been to put up council rents, or to enforce council house sales. Central government already has an effectively complete veto on capital spending projects by local government. Now, via the penalties being attached to the payment of the rate support grant to *individual* councils, it is also taking effective control of all current spending.

The reality, despite all the paraphenalia of local elections, council meeting, committee meetings and the mountains of paper, is that local political influence (let alone local political control) has been removed from more than nine tenths of the activity that goes on in the name of local government. The social service departments of local authorities are simply the agents in the field of the Department of Health and Social Security. No government yet has seen fit to make policing, which is paid for by the ratepayer, politically accountable to the ratepayers' elected representatives. Local chief executives or town clerks are now more affected by instructions contained in Circulars from the Department of the Environment than by instructions from their nominal political bosses. The whole structure has become an elaborate charade – and an inefficient and expensive one at that.

What applies to individual local councils applies even more to the further layers of the metropolitan counties and the Greater London Council. As Ken Livingstone has discovered, despite all the trappings of power and the apparent political prestige of being 'in control' at County Hall, there is in practice almost nothing that can be done independently of central government to make things different in London. In the one area where he tried – the attempt to introduce a half-way sensible transport and fares policy for the capital – the government reaction was to promise to remove control of London Transport from the GLC. When Herbert Morrison at County Hall failed to persuade the Transport Minister of the day that a sensible transport policy for the capital should include the building of a new Waterloo Bridge, at least he was able to go ahead on his own and build it on the rates.

Like other local authorities, the GLC has become little more than a powerful political sounding box, with only marginal capacity to affect the lives of the citizens of London in any direction. That, as Mr Livingstone and some of his colleagues have shown, can be a useful political activity: for persuasion, the generation of ideas and propaganda are a central part of the political process. But it is not the purpose for which the very elaborate structures of local government were established.

NEEDLESS TO SAY neither this nor any other government asked for a mandate for systematically removing the few remaining powers of local government. It is able to do so, however, because local government is not popular. As it is presently organised it seems largely remote from the experience of the overwhelming majority of the population and no one likes paying rates.

If, then, viable and democratically accountable local government is to be a part of the post-Thatcher reconstruction of this country, some radical thinking needs to be done about it. The centripetal tendencies of the past have come from two sources. The first has been financial. As more and more functions have been laid on local authorities by statute, a greater and greater proportion of expenditure has been financed by central government grant, with the almost inevitable political interference that goes with it. The second is the political desire of the government of the day to see centrally determined policies administered as evenly as possible over the whole country. No reform of the functions of local government will get anywhere unless it is accepted from the start that a fundamental change of attitude is required in both respects.

In its most recent proposals for local government in Scotland, the Labour Party has at last come to accept that political devolution means nothing unless a Scottish Assembly is given some revenue-raising powers of its own. The actual effect would almost certainly be worse than nothing. For to create a political body which would obviously want to press for more spending in Scotland, which did not at the same time have any direct responsibility for how that spending was to be financed, would be a recipe for political disaster. But the same logic has also to be carried to all local government. Unless, over a significant part of its activity, a local authority can make genuine alternative choices about spending and be accountable to its local electorate for the financing of that expenditure, there is no reality to independent local government. Unless and until the rating system is reformed, that means allowing local authorities to raise what rates they decide and defending their decisions locally.

Equally, if local government is to have any real meaning, central government must accept a self-denying ordinance and allow local councils not to follow central advice. Subject to general rules of conduct, freedom must include freedom to work differently and even freedom to make what may seem from Whitehall to be mistakes. Devolution and decentralization will remain nothing but buzz-words unless the implications of these two policy changes are thought through and accepted. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Scottish Left in disarray

TO THE dismay of many, last Saturday's conference on the future of the Scottish Left dramatised the deep divisions between socialists instead of providing a forum for a constructive debate on how to build an effective Scottish response to Thatcherism.

Fierce party political conflicts, especially bitter in the aftermath of the election, ensured that most of the 200 delegates, in Glasgow at the behest of the Scottish Socialist Society, the magazine *Radical Scotland* and the Glasgow Fabians were left with a strong impression of the barriers to building an anti-Tory alliance, rather than the possibilities of overcoming them.

Nevertheless several specific strategies for achieving devolution and perhaps protecting Scotland were suggested, although there was no consensus on the right way forward. John Maxton, the Labour MP for Glasgow Cathcart, talked about using 'new parliamentary tactics' to disrupt proceedings and force the Tories to provide a Scottish Assembly, although he admitted such tactics would probably not work. Labour MP Robin Cook, campaign manager for Neil Kinnock in the Labour leadership contest and previously a leading opponent of devolution, told the conference that he had changed his mind on the importance of the Scottish dimension. He offered his Scottish National Party opponent at the election, Kenny Macaskill, a modest political pact in the fight just beginning to save 400 jobs at British Leyland's Bathgate factory – the terms of which Mr Macaskill seemed promptly to reject.

A member of Labour's Scottish Executive, Bob Thomson from NUPE, called on Scottish Labour MPs to introduce a Bill to establish a Scottish Assembly. In his view, when this was rejected by the Tories, they should call a convocation of all anti-Tory parties to organise a plebiscite on devolution. If this showed support for the idea, some unspecified 'unilateral action' should be considered. Other delegates argued for a Scottish TUC-organised convention to mount the campaign, while the All-Party Campaign for a Scottish Assembly suggested they were the right organisation to co-ordinate the struggle. An SNP speaker, Alex Salmond, made a plea for leadership and accepted the Labour Party's 'indisputable right' to take on this role.

The attitude of the Labour Party, which took the largest share (35 per cent) of the vote in Scotland, is clearly crucial to any campaign, but there is least advantage for Labour in working closely with other parties. Thus debate tended to polarise between party members who saw Labour as the only vehicle for achieving devolution, and those from other parties, mainly the SNP, who attacked Labour for its aloof refusal to co-operate. The importance of the Liberal/Social Democrat Alliance, which polled nearly a quarter of the votes in Scotland, was barely discussed.

The conference also betrayed the Left's persistent inability to come to terms with feminism. Trade unionist Maggie Havergal angrily told delegates that she had been invited at the last minute as 'the worst kind of token woman speaker' – an attack which prompted a humble apology from conference convenor Stephen Maxwell of the SNP.

The Scottish Socialist Society is nothing to do with the London-based Socialist Society, which has an affiliated society in Scotland.

Rob Edwards

Scrubs officers accused of brutality

DISTURBING allegations of assault have emerged from Wormwood Scrubs prison following an outbreak of fighting between prisoners and prison officers on Thursday 16 June. Mrs Mary Anderson, mother of long-term category A prisoner James Anderson, visited her son at the prison on Saturday 25 June, when he gave her the account of brutality against him. Anderson already had a reputation of arguing for prisoners' rights.

After the fighting on D Wing had ended on the Thursday evening and before the prisoners had returned to their cells, James Anderson claims that a group of prison officers, wearing face-shields and carrying long staves, came onto the wing and attacked the prisoners. Anderson says that he was knocked unconscious. When he came round he found himself naked with his hands handcuffed behind his back. He was then carried bodily by four officers who, he says, on instructions, lowered his body – dragging him through broken glass which was littering the floor.

He was carried to the punishment block. Here he was again assaulted by seven officers. One of them, he told his mother, kept a foot on his throat. He passed out again and awoke, still naked and handcuffed, lying in his own blood and vomit. He alleges that the Governor came into the cell and, ignoring his condition, told him to behave himself.

E. Hamilton-West/The Guardian

D Wing at the Scrubs, scene of last month's fighting

Later the handcuffs were removed. He was given a pair of underpants to wear and taken to the prison hospital wing. Here Anderson says that he recognised some of the officers as those who had assaulted him in the punishment block. Anderson described his injuries to his mother as a swollen left eye which he could not see through; possible dislocation of the right shoulder; coughing of blood; bruises, cuts and abrasions. As far as is known two X-rays of the shoulder only were taken, but possible damage to the eye, lungs and ribs was not thoroughly checked out.

Mrs Anderson saw her son over a week after the alleged assaults took place. She says that his left eye was 'standing out' with 'red flesh' round it; that his right shoulder and the elbow looked out of place and that she noticed this before he described his injuries. She confirms that she saw cuts on his chest and marks of bruising on his arms.

Mrs Anderson also says that her request to see her son earlier than Saturday 25 June was turned down, as, following an anonymous message that her son had been hurt, was her request to send in an independent doctor to examine him. The visit itself took place not in the normal visiting hall but in a separate room.

A Home Office spokesman refused to deny or confirm Anderson's allegations, saying that an interim report on the events in the prison was ready but the final report had yet to be completed. He could not give any indication when this report would be available. Anderson's story is all the more disturbing because he told his mother that one of the factors in the fighting at Wormwood Scrubs was a report that prisoners at Albany had been assaulted following the protest there. He also told his mother that at least 16 prisoners had been taken to the punishment block and that there were some in a worse condition than him.

Terry O'Halloran

Dawn switch at Mercury

THE HEADQUARTERS of Mercury, the controversial private data-link service, has been connected to British Telecom despite the adamant refusal of post office engineers to link the two networks.

On the night of 22/23 June, two managers from the Society of Telecom Executives, accompanied by an executive engineer, gained access to the Mercury headquarters in Long Acre, Covent Garden. The connection took three hours to complete. Both managers have since left their posts with London North Central district. One has retired, the other has been appointed Deputy General Manager for the Brighton area. The connection was authorised by British Telecom.

Two Post Office Engineering Union members who refused to carry out the work at Long Acre, and also to link in British Petroleum, which owns 40 per cent of Mercury's shares, were suspended on 20 June. The POEU is maintaining a round the clock watch at BP offices in Farringdon to prevent a connection.

As part of its programme of opposition to Mercury and the future selling off of British Telecom, 33 engineers have also been withdrawn from maintenance posts covering the North Central area data transmission networks. This has hit, among others, Midland Bank who conceded that data transmission at their Kingland High St branch had been disrupted but claimed that 'it all appears to be running normally now.'

Patrick Fitzgerald

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How party polls were used to mislead voters

LOCAL LIBERAL and SDP candidates in a number of constituencies tried to boost the Alliance's support during last month's general election by circulating misleading 'poll' information about the local state of the parties.

This has emerged from the responses of *New Statesman* readers to a letter we published three weeks ago from Reg Copley, a freelance journalist, who sought copies of Alliance election literature making exaggerated claims about the level of local support.

In Westbury, for example, a Liberal leaflet purported to show David Hughes just two per cent behind the Conservatives, and 'fast catching up'. On 9 June Dennis Walters had a majority for the Conservatives of 8,506, or 14 per cent.

An almost identical graph, though without figures, appeared on a leaflet sent out on behalf of the Liberal candidate for Brentwood and Ongar, Nick Amor. The contest was portrayed as 'neck and neck' between the Liberals and the Tories. In the event Mr Amor lagged 14,202 votes behind the Tory victor. In Stirling, Liberals also claimed to be up with the Tories. 'Labour is out of the race' said their leaflet on behalf of candidate, Ross Finnie. Mr Finnie came third; Labour came second. Third place was also the destination for Richard Pine, Liberal candidate in Liverpool Broadgreen, despite his claim to be running just five per cent behind Labour. On election day he was, in fact, 25 per cent behind Labour's Terry Fields – and 17 per cent behind the Tory, who the Liberal leaflet had shown in its 'latest poll' to be running a poor third.

Among SDP leaflets its candidates may now wish to forget was one distributed on behalf of *Guardian* writer Malcolm Dean in Bath. 'Our polls and doorstep responses show we need just a few hundred more votes to win', it said. The Conservative majority was 5,304.

In Weston-super-Mare and Walthamstow the SDP sent out leaflets containing figures putting its man in the lead – in Weston by five per cent and in Walthamstow by precisely 11.5 per cent. In Weston the SDP received almost 10,000 fewer votes than the Tories, while in Walthamstow the party came third.

Perhaps the SDP booby prize should go to Gary Halliwell in Westminster North. There a local leaflet showed *two* sets of figures under the headline 'Alliance second and gaining'. It showed the SDP reducing a 12 point Tory lead over Halliwell to just four points in the space of a week. On election day Halliwell came third with a mere 15.7 per cent of the vote, while Labour's Arthur Latham failed by only 1,710 votes to wrest the seat from the Conservatives.

Questioned about its candidates' local claims, the SDP's Roger Carroll told the *NS*: 'Our candidates came first or second in most constituencies in Britain. They were fully entitled to argue that, as far as they could judge, the race was between them and the incumbent. A number of candidates made reference to their canvass returns. These often tend to be over-optimistic. Candidates should use them with circumspection, but few from any party ever do.'

P.S. Honesty compels us to acknowledge receiving a letter from John Tilley, a Liberal councillor in Kingston, who tells us that a local *Labour* leaflet claimed: 'Fact. Our canvass returns in Kingston show that 33 per cent of the voters are solidly behind Labour.' On 9 June, Labour came third with 12.2 per cent; its local candidate lost his deposit.

Peter Kellner

MISCELLANY

One for the road

The organisers of this year's Royal Tournament, which opens next week, have come up with an intriguing public relations stunt. Journalists attending the opening have been sent a wartime ration card, on production of which they will be served with 'drinks and a lunch incorporating Wartime Rations such as Snook Salad and Woolton Pie (provided by Dewhurst – the Master Butcher). Drinks, however, will be black market and in ample supply!' There will also be a chance to visit the Defence Manufacturers Exhibition – 'another first for the Royal Tournament'. Lest any hacks should ask awkward questions at the exhibition, it has been arranged that they shall all be blotto before they arrive: they will be taken from Fleet Street to Earls Court on 'a genuine London Transport Wartime Bus . . . Drinks will be served on board'.

Life and soul

Last Friday the Bethnal Green and Stepney Labour Party held a knees-up to celebrate Peter Shore's general election victory in the constituency. However, a slight gloom was cast over the proceedings by the fact that on the previous night the selfsame Bethnal Green and Stepney Labour Party had decided to nominate Eric Heffer, rather than Shore, for the Labour leadership. Poor old Shore seems doomed never to enjoy his own parties: at 2 a.m. on election night, after the declaration of his result, he went to the town hall for a prearranged celebration; unfortunately all the other guests, bored with waiting, had gone home, taking the beer with them.

Seeing stars

Here is a world exclusive: Ronald Reagan will not be elected for a second term next year. The source for this confident assertion is *Old Moore's Almanack*, that shrewd observer of the political scene. Old Moore's predictions for 1984, just published, say that next year is going to be 'very tough' for the ageing cowboy. There are 'strong indications of intense strain and pressure' around mid-February 1984; during April and May 'he will again be under intense pressure'; 'late September/early October, when real election pressures will be on, see a return of negative pressures which are likely to lower his morale and public standing'. In election month itself, November, there is a Penumbra Eclipse opposite Saturn: 'This is, in no way, good for President Reagan and a definitely disappointing type combination for Vice-President Bush.' As Old Moore concludes, 'none of this looks very encouraging'. So who *will* win? 'Of the possible candidates whose charts are available the one who stands out head and shoulders at this time is John Glenn . . . Psychologically he may be a Democrat, but he is very definitely a strong conservative individual . . . who would make a remarkably constructive leader'. John Glenn is also probably the only presidential candidate who has ever heard of a Penumbra Eclipse.

Before its time

President Reagan can be comforted, however, by the knowledge that Old Moore isn't *always* right. The 1983 almanack predicted a general election in Britain in mid-July, at which the SDP would win

'a persuasive representation in the House, which, with the Liberals, could compel the Conservative Party to a political compromise'. And several of the predictions for 1984 are already obsolete, six months before the year has even begun. Most notable is the suggestion that Michael Foot will step down as leader of the Labour Party. There is also a prediction that '1984 will be a testing year for Roy Jenkins in which he could gain considerable authority. If he has the opportunity to influence government thinking at this time he could be a constructive force'. No mention of David Owen, alas; but this isn't surprising. In the 1983 almanack Old Moore said that Owen was a dangerous and unstable figure with a 'Node on the rising Uranus'. This is undoubtedly still the case.

Strange but true

Berkshire County Council has rejected a petition signed by 16 people asking for the *New Statesman* to be removed from all the county's public libraries. The petitioners were objecting particularly to a cartoon by Claire Bretécher which appeared in the 21 January issue – but county librarian Mr Michael Asser said this could not be taken as a warrant for discontinuing the periodical. It was council policy to ensure a fair and balanced provision of newspapers and periodicals, he said, and the *New Statesman* was taken as representative of the thought of the intellectual Left. So there.

Chemistry lesson

Red faces at the Ministry of Agriculture this week when the government's new £14 million 'Food From Britain' organisation launched its marketing campaign under the banner 'Naturally British'. An organic food pressure group, the Soil Association, fired off a virulent attack on the 'fraudulent' slogan. The food that is being marketed, they say, relies on artificially produced fertilisers, chemically produced fungicides, herbicides, antibiotics, anabolic steroids, copper and growth hormones, chemical drenches, wormers and other pharmaceuticals. Most of the poultry, pigs and calves which are sold today have never seen the light of day nor touched a blade of grass. Many of our tomatoes, and a large part of London's salad crops, have never been in contact with the soil, since they are grown in water. Even the hallowed word 'British' comes under attack: 'Our cows are almost entirely Friesian, from Holland, or Holstein cattle from Canada', and our pigs are 'the pride of Denmark'. Naturally British? The Advertising Standards Authority told us that 'If we receive a complaint from the public, we will certainly investigate it, and if the claims are fraudulent, we would take steps to remedy the matter'. We shall see.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

UK exports the noose

AS PARLIAMENT prepares to debate whether to restore the death penalty in Britain, civil servants working for the Crown Agents are being advised how to export execution ropes, as well as other grisly instruments such as leg irons, without causing embarrassment to their political masters.

A statement by Sir Sidney Eburne, the senior Crown Agent, was placed on the notice board at the agents' London headquarters this spring listing a number of 'sensitive' goods and services requiring special care when being sold to foreign governments. First in the list comes 'execution ropes', followed by 'leg irons and other restraining equipment' and 'gas for riot control'. The remaining nine items in the list of 'articles' were all military sales.

The list of sensitive 'services' includes 'stamp designs with a political or racial content' and 'recruitment to posts in defence, security or police forces which might be regarded as engagement of "mercenaries" '.

Staff are instructed that they 'must always try to avoid involving the Crown Agents in transactions which might excite public criticism or cause Ministerial embarrassment'. Should orders be placed for any of the items or services on the sensitive list, staff are required to notify the Director of Buying Services, who may consult the Monitoring of Sensitive Services Committee.

The Crown Agents confirmed to the *NS* that they keep a variety of execution rope patterns in stock, suited to the different climatic conditions of the countries that use them.

'We have to make sure that ghastly things don't happen, like the ropes getting eaten up by bugs,' said a spokesman, who added that Britain nowadays does not export ropes regularly, and would only consider doing so in response to a special order.

Peter Kellner

United against anarchism

A SHAMEFACED *New Statesman* plodded against the tide of the Brixton peace marathon last week, past the friendly fire officers who were hosing down the hot runners, to 121 Railton Road. By editorial sleight of hand we had converted this building, in the previous week, to a den of illegal drinking and gaming. It is, in fact, an anarchist bookshop.

It is true that the house has a back room, but on that Sunday it was filled with people eating a communal meal of salad and Greek bread. 'We ask people for a donation, but never turn away someone who can't afford it,' said one woman, who has been involved in a three-year battle to get Lambeth Council to accept tham as tenants of the property, willing to pay rent and rates.

Before the anarchists moved in, the premises had been squatted by people running an Afro-Caribbean bookshop, which was then offered premises in Atlantic Road, with funds from the Inner City Partnership scheme. The anarchists them moved in and have applied several times to the council to be licensed to use the premises. 'They say yes, we wait for the papers to come through, but the next thing we hear is that we have to get out,' said one bookshop man. A month ago, the council finally took those running the bookshop to court to evict them. Once there they asked for the case to be adjourned because they had not got the papers ready, a move for which the judge duly criticised them. The premises are wanted for commercial use – though the council has no particular tenant in mind.

Police and council officials appear to be united in their desire to get the anarchists out. Although the police know the premises are not used for any illegal activities – and have never searched it for drugs for instance – they are not happy that anarchists from round the world wend their way down Railton Road to the centre. It was, at one time, a co-ordinating centre for information about Greenham Common, and it produces regular material on the peace camp at Comiso and the anarchist paper *Black Flag*.

When the Queen Mother popped up in Railton Road to smile at the residents the anarchists rudely jeered her from an upstairs floor, above the blockage, they say, of a row of specially-stationed Special Branch police. Efforts to convert Railton Road into a 'normal' residential area are obstructed by the presence of an anarchist centre which issues, among other things, posters attacking the police for being 'beyond control'. The anarchists do, however, also claim responsibility for Brixton's proliferating anti-mugging graffiti 'because mugging hurts the poor.'

As for the hostility of the council, that appears to stem from yet two more publications from 121 Railton Road. There is *South London Stress*, final issue just published, but originating as a bulletin produced by NALGO town hall dissidents. It won them no friends among orthodox council officials and members. And then there is *Crowbar*, the bulletin of squatters which informs people where council property stands empty and which is a thorn in the flesh of officials for whom empty property is more manageable than peripatetic squatters.

A final factor in this long-running conflict is the attitude of Ted Knight himself, leader of Lambeth Council and on the hard Left edge of politics. He agrees that he shares Lenin's attitude to anarchists, which the people at 121 interpret as meaning they should be taken outside and shot. Mr Knight is a member of the informal group of councillors and officers which is not a statutory committee of the council but works out plans for the Railton Road areas.

The council will push ahead with its plans to regain 121 Railton Road though, says Mr Knight, he is ready to discuss proposals to relocate the bookshop. The users of the house are gearing up for a full-scale defence of their right to stay in the property. Whether or not the local black community will support them is doubtful. Despite having been accused in the press of fomenting the 1982 street fighting, the anarchists point out it was an insult to the black community to think they need white leaders and an insult to them to think they want to lead anyone.

Sarah Benton

Company cars receive largest State subsidy

COMPANY cars cost the country upwards of £2,000,000,000 a year, according to Open University researcher Stephen Potter. Speaking at a University of Sussex Transport Conference this week he said that 'this is the largest State subsidy to transport.'

Company cars are normally provided as a management perk. About one in seven cars on the roads are owned or financed by companies. Their worth lies in the Inland Revenue's strange method of valuing cars. A new car of 1500 cc which is worth less than £14,000 is only reckoned by the Inland Revenue as being worth £425 a year. A car which costs between £14,000 and £21,000 is reckoned as being worth £950 a year and a car worth over £21,000 the car is reckoned to be worth £1,500 a year.

Potter said that the company car subsidy, which is twice as large as British Rail's, is a tremendous influence on transport policy. It also subsidises inefficiency; two-thirds of new cars are bought by companies. They are not necessarily the most efficient or economical, though they may look good.

Potter accused the government of double standards saying that 'the government equates public transport subsidy with inefficiency while it views the company car subsidy as a management incentive.'

Mick Hamer

Gleb's humane lathe

THE GLC is to spend almost £½ million to implement a radical approach to new technology as part of a larger £40 million scheme to halt the growing jobs crisis in London. Unemployment in the capital is currently running at 400,000.

The scheme will be one of the first from the recently formed Greater London Enterprise Board (Gleb) which was set up six months ago by the GLC.

This policy can be clearly seen in action in Gleb's Technology Division whose most important task is to set up 'technology networks' made up of representatives of trade unions, polytechnics, universities and community groups. The aim is to fund new technology products that will serve a useful community role and not de-skill labour or result in job losses.

Such products already exist in university and polytechnic workshops, often going unnoticed by industry. What the technology networks aim to do is to detect such projects and help fund them and bring them to the commercial marketplace. On finding a suitable product Gleb will then have the option of either going into manufacture of the product in its own right or turning it over to a private company to produce. Either way, they expect jobs will be created. Any profits Gleb may make will be fed back into the network.

Gleb has already identified eight projects being undertaken in the academic world which it is hoping to finance, all of which are at an advanced development stage. One of these is a 'human-centred' lathe being developed at the University of Manchester Institute of Science and Technology. The lathe has been automated in such a way that the operator still has a skilled job to do. Another project is a research venture between St Thomas Hospital and City University, developing a computer system for use in community health care which can be used by a non-expert.

In outlining the role of Gleb, Michael Ward, Chairman of the GLC Industry and Employment Committee, which was responsible for setting up Gleb, said: 'We've made it a condition of Enterprise Board assistance that there should be two requirements: the first is that firms should allow trade unions access – this is not a demand about membership, it is a basic demand that comes out of trade unions over the years that there should be access to a workforce for the opportunity to recruit.'

Since it was set up six months ago Gleb as a whole has already distributed £742,000 to 13 companies which they believe has saved or created 240 jobs.

Caroline Shaw

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PETER KELLNER, Political Editor

The sordid sums that will decide Labour's future

NOW THAT the Transport Workers have decided to cast their 1.25 million block votes for Neil Kinnock in Labour's leadership contest, the outcome of that contest, in the sense of who will win, is so certain as to be scarcely interesting. Short of his suffocating under a juggernaut-load of his own rhetoric, Kinnock is bound to win. That certainty in itself will, I hope, distract the media sufficiently to dissuade them from giving Labour the kind of destructive attention that they devoted to the deputy leadership contest two years ago.

(One by-product of that event, incidentally, was that the appearances on the BBC of Labour politicians slagging each other off counted against the overall 'tally' of Labour appearances checked by the Corporation in its quest for 'balance'. The less attention the BBC pays to internal party battles, the more it is required by its 'tally' system to interview Labour MPs on more substantial political issues.)

But the fact that Kinnock is now certain to win the leadership leaves two significant issues in doubt. Between them, the way they are resolved will tell us, and the wider voting public, much about the future shape of the Labour Party; in particular they will show whether the far Left – the collection of people whose efforts nearly won the deputy leadership for Tony Benn two years ago – is still on the advance, holding steady, or in retreat. The first issue is whether the far Left's leadership candidate, Eric Heffer, can deprive Kinnock of enough votes on the first ballot at Brighton to force Kinnock into a run-off against Roy Hattersley. The second issue is whether Michael Meacher can win the deputy leadership.

As far as the leadership is concerned, the basic arithmetic is now fairly straightforward. In a straight fight between Kinnock and Hattersley, Kinnock can now expect to win something like 26 of the 40 union electoral college votes, 17 of the 30 Parliamentary Labour Party votes, and 24 of the 30 constituency party votes. That makes a total of 67 out of 100. The MP calculations are based on the survey reported in the *NS* three weeks ago, and the CLP figures are based on the assumption that Kinnock will receive broadly the same level of support as Benn in 1981. The union calculation is more open to revision. Here I am assuming that, in addition to the unions that backed Benn, the public employees, shopworkers, communication workers, railwaymen and post office engineers will vote for Kinnock. But, as most of these unions will be holding ballots, it is always possible that Kinnock will fall a little short of my estimate.

By any standards a two-to-one victory over Hattersley would be decisive. (My analysis intends no personal disrespect for Peter Shore, but even his closest advisers should be telling him he doesn't stand a chance. If they are telling him anything else, they should not be his closest advisers.) But more important to Kinnock than his potential final support would be the prospect of his winning, however narrowly, on the first ballot. For if he could win *without* any of the Heffer-voting Left, his room for manoeuvre as leader would be greatly strengthened. At no point could he later face the charge, when upsetting the far Left, that he is betraying any of the activists whose votes secured his victory.

For Kinnock to be deprived of a first round victory, Heffer needs around 17 electoral college votes (though less if any of the unions I have listed for Kinnock end up voting for Hattersley: it is one of the ironies of the present situation that, say, a truly machiavellian far Left NUPE member might vote for Hattersley rather than Kinnock, precisely to avoid the round one Kinnock win that would do the hard Left so much harm). Whether Heffer can obtain those 17 votes is in the lap of the Gods – or, rather the general committees of the constituency parties. Heffer is likely to receive very few union votes – the construction workers will probably be the only major block – and probably only about six of the 30 MPs' votes. Heffer will need to supplement these with six to eight of the 30 CLP votes to force Kinnock into a second round – and needing a portion of far Left support to become leader.

MICHAEL MEACHER's prospects for the deputy leadership are altogether more intriguing and, in truth, more significant. Should he win, it will not be so much the fact that this mild-mannered, worthy, cerebral and highly numerate MP (it is the last quality, so rare in politicians, that I find particularly attractive) has managed to climb so far up the greasy pole; rather his victory will symbolise the ability of the far Left to assert its power under the present constitution of the Labour Party, when no inside Left candidate of any distinction is standing.

The demonstration of that power, and its effects on both the electorate and the party's centre and right wing, would have very far-reaching consequences. It would precipitate all manner of ructions among right-wing MPs like, for example, refusing to stand in the shadow cabinet elections; and it would raise the already high temperature of angry debate between right and left-wing unions. Anyone still thinking of recreating Labour's 'broad church' appeal would then be well advised to take a lengthy sabbatical – say five to ten years.

So: what are Meacher's chances? His supporters reckon he could pick up the votes of 80 out of Labour's 209 MPs. That would give him 11½ electoral college votes. Hattersley's campaign managers think Meacher would be lucky to collect half that number. My own guess, pending the arm-twisting of the next 12 weeks, is that Meacher will get 8 to 10 electoral college votes from MPs.

The constituency section is harder to judge. If Meacher takes the votes of all the CLPs that supported Benn two years ago, he – like Kinnock – would take 24 of the 30 votes. Some, though, are likely to opt for the Kinnock-Hattersley 'dream ticket' combination. I would still expect Meacher to take the lion's share of the CLP vote – 20-22 out of 30. So taking MPs and CLPs together, it looks like level-pegging: around 30 votes each for Meacher and Hattersley in a run-off.

That leaves the fate of Labour's deputy leadership contest effectively in the hands of the unions. Meacher's supporters think that they can persuade almost all the unions that will support Kinnock for the leadership to support Meacher for deputy. This is unrealistic. The communication workers and the shopworkers executives are recommending the Kinnock-Hattersley ticket to their members; I should be surprised if Meacher wins the support of either. Without them, Meacher can achieve 21½ out of 40 union votes at most. This would be enough to give him victory, but only narrowly.

In the end the balance is likely to be held by three unions: NUPE, ASTMS and the TGWU. If ASTMS goes for Hattersley but NUPE and the TGWU for Meacher, the race will be too close to call. If either NUPE or the TGWU goes for Hattersley, Meacher is beaten. Of these three unions only NUPE has so far decided to ballot its members. Two years ago Benn was beaten in NUPE's ballot; but Meacher's consistent campaign on behalf of low-paid workers may help him this time.

In the case of the TGWU, the decision is likely to rest ultimately with its conference delegation at Brighton. In 1981 the TGWU delegation appalled most Labour supporters and entertained everyone else with its – how shall we put it – unique method of deciding to vote for Benn. Unless NUPE declares for Hattersley first, we could face a repeat performance. It would not only be a strange way for a party to seek to revive its health; it would even be a strange way for a party to commit suicide. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LABOUR PARTY

Time for an overhaul

The Labour political machine is in total disarray. This week the *New Statesman* begins a three-part series of constructive criticism by well informed moles. First, the Parliamentary Labour Party

THE LABOUR MOVEMENT has at its disposal three machines – the Party's own HQ at Walworth Road; the TUC's HQ at Congress House; and the uncoordinated clutch of Party employees housed in the Palace of Westminster. While the first two HQs are hardly models of good management, the Westminster one is scarcely managed at all. Pulling it together must be a first priority for the new leadership when it is elected in October.

The Labour machine at Westminster is itself divided into three parts. First, there is the Private Office of the Leader of the Opposition, located near Big Ben at the end of a corridor behind the House of Commons Chamber. Second, there is the Secretary and staff of the Parliamentary Labour Party. The Secretary, Bryan Davies, has his office next to that of the Chief Whip, off the Commons Lobby, far away on the other side of the Chamber. Scattered around the building is a third battalion – the various 'shadow' spokespeople, each with a special adviser. The public money allocated to Labour in Parliament – known as the 'Short' money after Ted Short, who put the necessary resolution through the Commons – is divided equally between these three groups.

There are also other resources available – backbench MPs themselves, many of whom now use their £8,820 secretarial and research allowance to employ committed research assistants; and the new Select Committee system, which produces a mass of material available to the Labour members on those committees, and which could be of immense help in the presentation of the Party's existing policies and the formation of new ones. There is, at the moment, no coordination between these resources. Indeed, many of them are engaged in struggling against one another and against the Party HQ at Walworth Road; and many are specifically hired on the understanding that their loyalty is personal towards their patron rather than political towards the Party.

This is particularly true of the Leader's office. At the moment it consists of Sir Tom McCaffrey, who handles the press; Dick Clements, the former Tribune editor, who handles politics; Henry Neuberger, who came in from the civil service to handle economics; Una Cooze, Foot's personal secretary, and a few other support staff. But there's no clarity about who does what or where any 'line management' exists. Tom McCaffrey was discovered by Jim Callaghan as a Home Office pressman in the 1960s and followed him around on a very personal basis until he ceased to be Leader of the Opposition. Michael Foot then simply inherited him. Though assumed to be head of the private office, he has no formal title to this effect. If pressed, he describes himself as Michael Foot's 'aide'. Dick Clements is formally 'political adviser'. Henry Neuberger, like McCaffrey, describes himself as 'an aide'. They advise their leader in a disparate way and have imperceptible connection with the rest of the Labour Party.

Scattered around the Palace is another battalion of 'aides' – the assistants to members of the shadow cabinet. If the role of Michael Foot's office is from time to time unclear, theirs is not. They are personal and political dogsbodies to serve their masters' needs. This partly stems from the inadequate arrangements for paying them, of which more anon. But it is also a management problem: they answer to their masters and to no one else.

Just before the election, Bryan Davies, the PLP secretary, produced a plan to integrate them with the Parliamentary Labour Party, so that they would work more closely with other MPs who specialised in their various subjects. The shadow cabinet turned down the idea almost unanimously. This was not just empire building; it went deeper. In effect, these assistants, although they are meant to be specialists in particular *subjects*, are, in fact, given the role of *political chefs de cabinet* – promoting their master and his particular brand of socialism. They follow the pattern of John Harris, who progressed to ministerial office and a peerage from a similar relationship with Roy Jenkins; or John Lyttle, who had the same sort of relationship with Shirley Williams. Inevitably, Tony Page (shared by Gerald Kaufman and Eric Varley) and David Hill (assisting Roy Hattersley) have been forced into the same mould – discreetly (and sometimes indiscreetly) promoting their bosses' political outlook and trying to keep tabs on their opponents. There was a row in the PLP just before the general election about the use of Page to spy on the Left at a meeting in the Palace of Westminster.

THE FINAL BATTALION is the staff of the Parliamentary Labour Party. They are appointed by the Party and employed by it. Because their role is specific, so is their loyalty. Their ranks, however, are thin. Bryan Davies and Phyllis Birt spend much of their time looking after the Shadow Cabinet and the formal machinery of the PLP; two other 'clerks', Alan Howarth and Anne Page, are meant to spend their time looking after the backbench 'subject groups', which have now become tiny cliques of back-bench MPs either talking to each other, or to often quite distinguished folk who come to London expecting a serious meeting and depart utterly disillusioned with the Labour Party.

To understand the absurdity of these three separate battalions, it is necessary to understand the financing of Labour's Parliamentary opposition. While the officials of the PLP were always traditionally funded by the Labour Party, the availability of funds for the Leader and shadow spokespeople has been governed by a succession of accidents. Attlee hardly had a private office at all. Gaitskell developed one funded by certain trade unions. When Wilson succeeded him, these resources were not so freely available and *he* had to resort to his own private enterprise sources – some of which hardly helped Labour's image as a party devoted to honesty and socialism. But he had to get the funds from somewhere.

In the early 1970s, the Rowntree Trust recognised the problems of an underfunded parliamentary opposition and provided limited resources to the party. They were mainly used to employ assistants to shadow spokespeople – assistants who became known as chocolate soldiers and, in some cases, switched effortlessly sideways to become political assistants to ministers when Labour won power in 1974.

But the lesson had been learnt. A year later, the Labour government passed the necessary Resolution to provide state aid for all the parties in the parliamentary opposition, on a complicated formula of £500 for each seat won and £1 for every 200 votes at the previous election, with a maximum, to skew the resulting totals against the major opposition party and in favour of the small

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ones. It was this that became known as the 'Short' money. It has been increased over the years and the maximum is now £330,000, paid in salaries, allowances and other expenses, on the basis of instructions from the Leader of the Party in his or her personal capacity.

WHEN LABOUR WENT into opposition in 1979, Jim Callaghan saw fit to divide the Short money into three parts. One third went to the Parliamentary Labour Party staff – hitherto funded by the party centrally – thus saving a useful slice for redeployment at Walworth Road. One third went to finance 20 personal assistants for the front bench spokespeople, since Rowntree had withdrawn its chocolate soldier money when the state stepped in in 1975. This meant only £5,000 was available for each spokesperson. And one third went to the Leader's own private office – which made it unnecessary for him to go hunting 'socialist businessmen' as Harold Wilson had been forced to. Though there was never any party discussion about this way of dividing up the money, the ⅓/⅓/⅓ formula persisted under Foot.

It is a hopelessly unsatisfactory arrangement and root-and-branch reform must be very early on the agenda of the new leadership. The first principle – consistently put forward by the Left over the past four years – is a fundamental one: that individuals paid for with public money allocated to the Labour Party should be employed by, and paid by, the Labour Party; and that they should have contracts of employment explaining to whom they are responsible. But that simply overcomes the structural objection. If real coordination is to take place, it must weld both MPs and employees of the Party at Westminster into a machine which is capable of preparing for the next general election and winning it. This means both better coordination within Westminster, but also far better links with Walworth Road and the parties in the constituencies – especially those which no longer have a Labour MP to represent them.

Last week, Jeremy Bray, Jeff Rooker and Jack Straw put forward just such a plan. Beyond better coordination of paid officials, they want MPs' time to be used more sensibly in the service of the party; fewer official spokespeople (to free more MPs to range widely and liven up the Opposition benches on the floor of the House – which are deader than ever); more influence of the PLP on the Shadow Cabinet; revamped subject groups, with official spokespeople forced to help promote policy rather than react to next week's business; a new role for the Whips and better contact with constituencies in the country. The aim is twofold – to stop the PLP drifting off into separate personal cabals (like the Solidarity group) or structural ones like the Whips Office, when it should be concentrating on serving the Party as a whole; and to remove the Westminster machine from the beguiling job of reacting week by week to a Government-imposed agenda, so as to leave time for the creation of policy and its dissemination.

A properly organised and cohesive parliamentary opposition can actually create a national agenda; it failed to do so over the past four years, because Michael Foot passed up every chance to revamp the Westminster machine and to put it at his and the Party's service. It still remains a jumble of empty traditional tasks and factional infighting. It must be the first task of Neil Kinnock (and of Roy Hattersley) to take it by the scruff of the neck and restore it to the party which it is meant to serve. □

Next week: Walworth Road.

LABOUR PARTY

From down under

As Labour begins its upward struggle, Patricia Hewitt examines an Antipodean parallel

BETWEEN 1949 and 1972, the Australian Labor Party lost every election to the Federal House of Representatives. In 1966, Labor polled its lowest share of the vote since the earliest days of the Australian Federation. By 1969, Labour was out of office in every one of the six States.

For most of that period, a major cause of Labor's defeats was the split with the Democratic Labor Party, forced in 1955 after several years of inter-party dissension. Under Australia's single transferable voting system, DLP supporters were urged to use their second preference votes to maintain Robert Menzies' increasingly lazy and ineffective Liberal-Country Party government.

The DLP had its origins in an extraordinary network of industrial groups, largely Roman Catholic in membership and anti-communist in philosophy, which by the early 1950s controlled the ALP in Victoria – although no section of the party escaped. Even in this year's Federal Election, Labor's new Prime Minister, Bob Hawke, was required to restate ALP policy on an issue which had originally figured largely in the split with the DLP – state aid to independent (Roman Catholic and Church of England) schools.

Conflict in the ALP continued for nearly 20 years, with Gough Whitlam as deputy leader falling out with Arthur Calwell, the party's leader, in 1965; a continuing row between Whitlam and the Victorian Executive Council, dominated by a small left faction after the DLP defections; and Whitlam's own resignation as party leader in 1968, from which he was rescued by the narrowest of majorities. Menzies had to do little more than to play the anti-communist card, and time his elections to coincide with a fresh round of Labor Party infighting, to maintain his supremacy.

Thus, for two decades, a right-wing group of former Labor Party members kept Labor out of power – helped not only by the identification of Labour with 'extremism', but by the factionalism of Labor itself.

There are lessons to be learnt for the British Labour Party. First, the glib optimism of the last few years – the party will pull itself together, it can't be worse than last time, the vote will come out on the day – has no basis whatsoever in reality.

Secondly – and in case any Labour Party activists are already planning a 20-year strategy for socialism – a party out of power for two decades is scarcely fit to form a government at the end. In 1972, Gough Whitlam – who had battled to put the party together and to develop the policies which eventually made up the winning manifesto – formed a government in which not one member had previous ministerial experience. That inexperience, Whitlam's own dominance and growing isolation from his cabinet team, and the constant defeats in the anti-Labor Upper House, all contributed to Whitlam's dismissal.

The task which Gough Whitlam set himself in opposition was to build 'a national party with a national purpose'. It is not a bad slogan for a British party with two MPs, outside London, in the south of the country. But Whitlam found, and the Labour Party may yet find, that the greatest obstacle to reconstruction is the persistent belief that nothing much really needs changing. In a speech to the Victorian Labor Party in 1967, Gough Whitlam warned:

> We euphemise deep disasters as 'temporary setbacks'. The nearer Labor approaches electoral annihilation, the more fervently we proclaim its indestructibility. We juggle with percentages, distributions and voting systems to show how we shall, infallibly, at the present rate of progress, win office in 1998. Worse, we construct a philosophy of failure, which finds in defeat a form of justification and a proof of the purity of our principles. Certainly, the impotent are pure.

Whitlam recognised that survival was not enough.

> We can survive indefinitely as a pressure group. We can survive indefinitely as a tightly knit group returning to Parliament a certain number of parliamentarians, operating more or less in association with a number of trade unions. We can exist indefinitely with all the apparatus of a party electing each other to positions, meeting with all the formality of conferences and executives, framing policy decisions, making speeches, and even having them reported in the press. In that sense, there is no reason to doubt that the Labor Party is indeed indestructible.

So too the British Labour Party could

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

continue. (Although those who talk easily of being 'down to bedrock' should consider the shifting sands of the new Labour marginals which this election has created in formerly safe seats.) The Australian Labor Party escaped that fate, and moved in three years from the electoral disaster of 1969 to government in 1972. And once the ALP took office, the Democratic Labor Party – which had never set out to win office itself – withered away.

WE FACE a challenge the ALP never had to meet – a claim by the Alliance to be the true alternative government. In the 72 seats where the Conservative majority is below 10 per cent, Labour holds second place in 52. In 33 of those Labour second-places, the Alliance vote was at least 20 per cent, and in 10 reached 25 per cent. In the 20 seats where the Alliance took second place, the Labour vote went over 20 per cent in seven, but fell below 10 per cent in eight. In the next tranche of seats – those with a Tory majority of between 10 per cent and 20 per cent – the Alliance is in second place in 47, Labour in only 41. In Labour second-place seats, the Alliance vote is below 20 per cent in only five. But in Alliance second-place seats, Labour's vote reaches 20 per cent or more in only 16, and falls to 10 per cent or below in 14.

The very spread of Alliance votes gives it a basis from which to challenge Labour even in those seats where we now hold second place, as well as a stronger position in a large number of the seats where the Tories must be defeated. Just as the ALP had to pull voters back from the DLP before it could defeat the conservatives, so Labour has to win the Opposition before we can win Government again.

First, the new leadership must become the spearhead of a party that is reconstructing itself. It must use the numbers we still have in the Commons, as well as building on our local council strength, to deny the Alliance its claim. That means an end, now, to the attacks which have already developed from sections of the party on the man most likely to be its next leader.

Secondly, the party must develop a strategy to take Labour through to the 1990s. Whitlam won office because millions of urban voters who had never voted Labor before found in Labor a promise of radical change which appealed to their needs. 'It's time for a change' is a powerful slogan – but only if Labour has got across a vision of the changed society we want to create.

Thirdly, the party needs an organisation to implement its strategy. A New Model Labour Party desperately needs to be an outward-looking, campaigning organisation, with resources transferred from party machinery to agents in the field, from research to propaganda. The miserable state of the party's finances make it hard to change – but the even more miserable state of the party's vote leave no option.

It took 23 years for the Australian Labor Party to rebuild itself, in the comparative luxury of unchallenged opposition. In Britain, we have only five years left. □

HANGING

Murder most foul

Bob Woffinden gives twelve arguments against hanging

NEXT WEEK, THE HOUSE of Commons debates the restoration of the death penalty. One of the most powerful arguments against it has always been that there have clearly, from time to time, been errors in the administration of justice.

The following is a list of some murder cases since the war in which justice has miscarried; or in which severe doubts about the correctness of the 'guilty' verdict persist. In some, those mistakenly found guilty were hanged; in others (though not necessarily all) there is a strong probability that they would have been hanged, had capital punishment been a sentence available to the courts.

1) Walter Rowland: On 20 October 1946, Olive Balchin was found battered to death with a hammer. Former soldier Walter Rowland was convicted and sentenced to death on 16 December. 'I am an innocent man,' he declared.

On 24 January 1947, David Ware, an inmate at Walton prison, Liverpool, confessed to the murder. As a result, the case went to the Court of Appeal. It was dismissed. Rowland was executed in Strangeways prison on 27 February 1947. Four years later, David Ware was found guilty but insane of the attempted murder of a woman by attacking her with a hammer.

2) Timothy Evans: Evans was hanged at Pentonville prison on 9 March 1950 for the murder of his baby daughter Geraldine. Evans's accusations that John Christie had murdered both his wife and his daughter were not believed. On 15 July 1953, Christie, having strangled four more women in the meantime, was also hanged at Pentonville. A number of publications, culminating in Ludovic Kennedy's *10 Rillington Place* (Gollancz 1961), demonstrated conclusively that there had been a miscarriage of justice. Evans was finally granted a posthumous free pardon on 18 October 1966.

3) James Hanratty: On 4 April 1962, James Hanratty was hanged for the infamous A6 murder at Deadman's Hill the previous August. Michael Gregsten had been shot dead; his companion, Valerie Storie, sexually assaulted, shot and left for dead. She, however, survived, and Hanratty was condemned largely by her identification evidence, although she had picked out someone else at an earlier identity parade.

There have always been doubts about Hanratty's guilt, particularly since the original police suspect, Peter Louis Alphon, led several people to believe that he was the killer. Two important books were published – *The A6 Murder* by Louis Blom-Cooper and *Who Killed Hanratty?* by Paul Foot – and fresh evidence was brought forward to support Hanratty's alibi. However, the intensive campaign to secure a pardon did not succeed.

4) Joginder and Swarn Singh: Joginder and Swarn Singh were two of four Pakistanis convicted in 1967 of murder in the course of an inter-family fracas. Both claimed simply to have been observers of the fatal incident. The trial, conducted half in Urdu and half in English, was 'a bit of a shambles', according to Tom Sargent of the law reform pressure group, Justice. He discovered that they had been convicted solely on a misunderstanding of testimony given in Urdu by one of the witnesses. Joginder and Swarn Singh, having served seven years, were released by the Home Office, but were granted neither a pardon nor compensation.

5) Patrick Meehan: On 5 July 1969, Patrick Meehan was convicted of the murder of Rachel Ross, during the course of a robbery in Ayr. The Scottish Secretary, Bruce Millan, ordered his release with a recommendation for a Royal Pardon on 19 May 1976. It was the triumphal outcome of a long campaign fought by journalists, lawyers and MPs. However, Meehan was only freed after the publication of a Ludovic Kennedy book, *A Presumption of Innocence: the Amazing Case of Patrick Meehan* (1975); and after the death of William McGuinness, who had earlier confessed to his solicitor that he was guilty of the crime for which Meehan was imprisoned.

6) Patrick Murphy, Michael McMahon and David Cooper: On 19 March 1970, Murphy, McMahon and Cooper were sentenced to life imprisonment for the murder of Luton sub-postmaster, Reginald Stevens, shot dead with a sawn-off shotgun during the course of a robbery in September 1969. They had been convicted entirely on the evidence of the fourth man involved, Alfred Matthews.

More than 50 MPs supported efforts to reopen the case. In December 1972, after a new witness was discovered to support his

New Statesman

Annual subscription rates*
*6 months & 3 months subscription pro rata

UK £29; Overseas surface mail: £32 (US $59)

Overseas airmail: Europe £36; Middle East £39; S. America, India, Africa £40; Australia, Far East £45; USA, Canada £40 (US $79)

Student subscription rates available on request

Please note: payment by cheque in Sterling or US Dollars, or International Money Order only

Please complete this form and post to:
NS Subscriptions, 14-16 Farringdon Lane
London EC1R 3AU

Name.....

Address.....

.....

.....
(BLOCK CAPITALS PLEASE)

I enclose £/$.....

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

alibi, Murphy's conviction was quashed. Since this placed Matthews's evidence in doubt, the Home Secretary referred the case of the two others to appeal. The judges branded Matthews a liar, but declined to set aside the convictions. McMahon and Cooper were not released until immediately after the publication of *Wicked Beyond Belief* (Granada 1980), a book about the case by Ludovic Kennedy.

7) John Preece: On 19 June 1981, lorry driver John Preece was released from prison after serving over eight years of a life sentence. In 1973 he had been convicted by a majority decision at the High Court in Edinburgh of murdering Mrs Helen Will. Preece protested his innocence throughout. The case was reopened after George Younger, Secretary of State for Scotland, had read a Home Office dossier following the suspension of Home Office forensic scientist Dr Alan Clift four years earlier in 1977. The Scottish Court of Criminal Appeal quashed the verdict on the grounds that Clift's evidence lacked the essential qualities of accuracy and scientific objectivity.

8) Albert Taylor: In 1974, 24-year-old Albert Taylor was convicted of the murder and sexual assault of Jacqueline Seston, the sister of his fiancée, and sentenced to life imprisonment. His alibi was that he had been on Peterborough station at the time the murder was committed. Because of lingering doubts, Home Secretary Merlyn Rees asked Detective Inspector Peter Crust, of Essex CID, to re-examine the case. Crust was able to substantiate Taylor's alibi and Taylor was freed on 13 March 1979.

9) Paul Cleeland: On 7 November 1972, Paul Cleeland was charged with the shotgun murder of Terry Clarke who, like himself, was a small-time criminal in Stevenage. In June 1973, Cleeland was found guilty at a retrial (the first jury having failed to agree a verdict) and is now serving a 20-year life sentence. Ever since, Cleeland has insisted that he was 'fitted up' and, in 1976, took his own case to the Court of Appeal, where it was dismissed. Nevertheless, one prominent QC has referred to 'the quite unusual number of blemishes in connection with the police evidence'; in particular, there is a glaring inconsistency in crucial ballistics evidence.

10) Mervyn 'Jock' Russell: This is the most celebrated contemporary case, in which the miscarriage of justice is resoundingly clear. In October 1977, Jock Russell was found guilty of the murder of Jane Bigwood and sentenced to life imprisonment. The victim, a 20-year-old art student at Goldsmiths' College, was discovered clutching a handful of hair. All concerned with the case agreed that the hair could only have been the murderer's; it was not Russell's. In April 1982, *Rough Justice* (BBC-1) examined the case, and even demonstrated that the probable murderer had been Michael Molnar, a Hungarian who died of natural causes in 1977. The case has lately been referred back to the Court of Appeal. Russell remains in prison.

11) Sandy Elcock: In 1976 a digger on a building-site in Leeds uncovered the remains of a woman's body, subsequently identified as that of Mary McCourt, who had disappeared up to two years earlier. A man's tie was around her neck, and Sandy Elcock, who had been living with her prior to her disappearance, was charged with her murder. Because of the condition of the body, there was considerable doubt about whether the woman, who suffered from heart disease, had been murdered at all. The prosecution case rested on scientific tests done by Dr Alan Clift (see John Preece case, above). Elcock had no criminal record at all, and had even been given bail before the trial. He remains in prison.

12) Vincent Hickey, Michael Hickey and James Robinson: On 9 November 1979, Vincent and Michael Hickey and James Robinson were found guilty of the brutal and apparently senseless murder of Carl Bridgewater, a 14-year-old newspaper boy at Yew Tree Farm in Shropshire. They were sentenced to life imprisonment, convicted on the testimony of a fourth man, Patrick Molloy (who has since died in prison).

The prosecution were not able to offer a tenable motive for the shooting, and the three proclaimed their innocence throughout. A year after the Bridgewater shooting, there was another similar murder in the same area. The person convicted of this crime was discovered to have formerly lived next door to the Bridgewater family. He confessed in prison to the Bridgewater murder (though he subsequently retracted the confession).

The Home Office is reviewing the case.

Two conclusions emerge from these cases. The first is that, once a guilty verdict has been returned in the courts, injustices can take literally years to be remedied – while executions were generally performed with minimal delay.

The second is that it is often only the pertinacity of those on the outside – relatives, lawyers, MPs, journalists, the law reform pressure group, Justice – which eventually bears fruit. It is likely that there are other men and women, wrongly imprisoned for murder, whose cases have not come to public attention because they have no one to take them up on their behalf. Indeed, the cynical could be forgiven for thinking that grievances in these cases are only redressed expeditiously if and when Ludovic Kennedy publishes a book about them. □

THIS ENGLAND

£3 book tokens for entries printed (on postcards, please).

□ In *Gilham v Breidenback* (1982) 328, the Divisional Court refused to interfere with a finding by justices that a vulgar expletive ('Fuck off, you planks') directed by a driver to police officers when the driver was standing on a footpath leading to the house where he lived did not constitute a request by the driver to the police to leave the premises. – *The Law Society's Gazette* (M. S. Foreman)

□ A one-legged shoplifter was fined £25 for stealing a single shoe on display outside a shop in York. He told police he was going to take it back as it did not fit. – *Guardian* (D. H. Cudmore)

One of the first commercial products made from petroleum was called 'Rock Oil', a patent medicine claimed to cure cholera, corns, toothache, neuralgia and whatever else that ailed you.

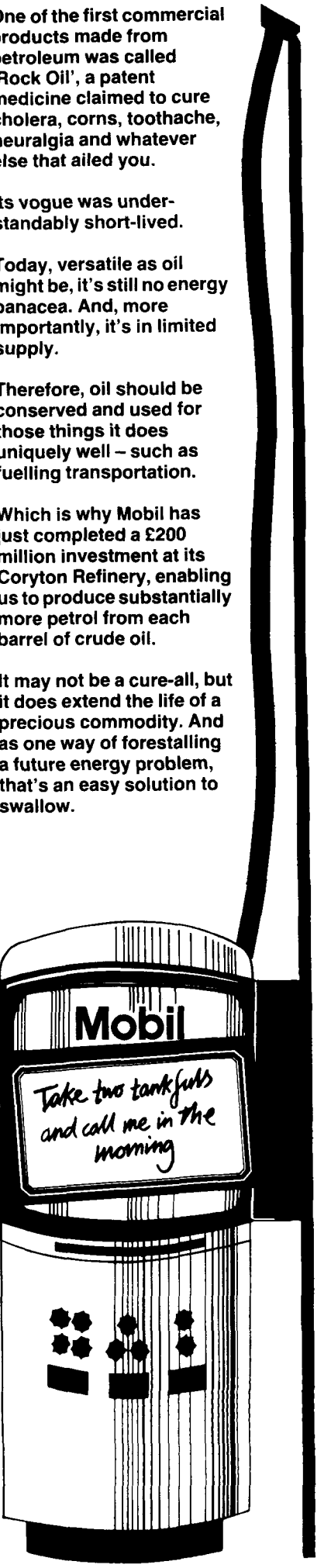
Its vogue was understandably short-lived.

Today, versatile as oil might be, it's still no energy panacea. And, more importantly, it's in limited supply.

Therefore, oil should be conserved and used for those things it does uniquely well – such as fuelling transportation.

Which is why Mobil has just completed a £200 million investment at its Coryton Refinery, enabling us to produce substantially more petrol from each barrel of crude oil.

It may not be a cure-all, but it does extend the life of a precious commodity. And as one way of forestalling a future energy problem, that's an easy solution to swallow.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

SCIENCE

Unsung pioneer

Jon Bate and Hilary Gaskin tell the true story of DNA

HOLLYWOOD PRODUCER Laurence Bachman is raising capital and canvassing possible stars for a film called *The Double Helix*. The mysterious, hi-tech title has instant appeal. Add a science-fact plot and an atmospheric setting in Cambridge ('50s fashions to rival the '20s of *Chariots of Fire*) – and you have the makings of a slightly up-market box-office success.

Cinematically superb, but how accurate a picture is this of the story of one of the great scientific discoveries of our time, the unravelling of the structure of DNA?

This spring marked the 30th anniversary of the publication of one of the most famous and important scientific papers of our time. Two young Cambridge scientists, Francis Crick and James Watson, had cracked the secret of the structure of DNA, the chemical substance which controls our genetic inheritance. Crick and Watson fully deserved the Nobel Prize that they received in 1962 – with Maurice Wilkins of King's College, London, whose experimental research supported their theory that the DNA molecule was structured in the form of a double helix.

But the popular conception of the Cambridge 'unknowns' racing the brilliant American, Linus Pauling, to the discovery and a certain Nobel Prize is a myth. Pauling, who already had two Nobel Prizes, was doing some work on DNA but was making little progress and was not particularly interested in the problem (see the article by his son in the *New Scientist*, 31 May 1973: 'DNA – the race that never was?'). The notion of the race has its provenance in Watson's best-selling book, *The Double Helix* (Weidenfeld, 1968; Penguin, 1970), which accomplishes the rare feat of making advanced scientific research intelligible and exciting for the completely lay person. Presumably this is why it became a set text in many American high schools.

One disturbing thing about this book is its extraordinary vein of sexism. Watson makes it quite clear that, when not in the lab, one of his favourite topics of conversation was the merits of local *au pair* girls. They appear to have been a dangerous distraction: 'the presence of popsies,' he writes, 'does not lead to a scientific future.'

But one 'popsy' is rather more central to Watson's story. Early in the book he tells of his first meeting with 'Rosy', a research 'assistant' working 'under' Wilkins at King's, London. Watson's first impression is most scientific: 'Though her features were strong, she was not unattractive and might

Weidenfeld and Nicolson

Rosalind Franklin: a woman displaced

have been quite stunning had she taken even a mild interest in clothes.' As an afterthought, he begrudgingly admits 'there was no denying she had a good brain'. But she is a trouble-maker: obviously 'the best home for a feminist was in another person's lab.'

This 'Rosy' (the name was never used to her face or by any of her friends) was Rosalind Franklin, who was working with Wilkins on the problem of DNA; she was neither an 'assistant' nor 'under' anybody. Watson's book makes her appear to be a jumped-up technical assistant, when in fact she was the person who came closest to discovering the double helix before the Cambridge pair. Crick thinks that, if they had not made the breakthrough, she would have done so in 'perhaps three weeks, certainly in three months'. Furthermore, her experimental work was crucial to Crick and Watson's theory.

In 1951 Watson went to a seminar given by Franklin. In his book, he recounts how he 'wondered how she would look if she took off her glasses and did something novel with her hair', but then forgot to make a note of her data, reported it incorrectly to Crick and as a result set their research back by several months.

Crick and Watson only built their correct model, the famous double helix, two years later when they had the results of Franklin's experiments, obtained by chance without her knowledge ('Rosy did not directly give us her data' is how Watson puts it). When she saw their results, having almost established the correct model herself, she recognised – much to Watson's surprise – that they had found the answer. It confirmed several assertions she had made earlier, but about which the Cambridge pair had been sceptical. One of these was that the sugar-phosphate backbone was on the outside of the molecule. 'Her past uncompromising statements on this matter thus reflected first-rate science, not the outpourings of a misguided feminist,' remarks Watson, producing an unusual pair of opposites.

Rosalind Franklin died of cancer in 1958 at the age of 37. No one knows to what extent it may have been caused by the X-ray crystallography work that was her contribution to the discovery of the structure of DNA. She was thus deprived of the Nobel Prize in which she deserved a share (prizes are not awarded posthumously). Watson went on to caricature her in his book, only watering down his attack in a brief epilogue. There he says that he realised 'years too late the struggles that the intelligent woman faces to be accepted by a scientific world which often regards women as mere diversions from serious thinking'. This revealing remark about his view of science's attitude to women perhaps explains why Watson emphasised the red herring of the imagined race against Pauling. In doing so, he distracted attention from the fact that, if there was a race at all, it was much nearer home and one of its protagonists was a woman who did not answer to his stereotype of females as mere ornaments or distractions from serious work.

The film that needs to be made is of a brilliant woman trying to make her way in a man's world, having her work used behind her back, and finally being misrepresented in a book published when she was no longer alive to reply. Hollywood producer Laurence Bachman and everyone else interested in the subject should read first Watson's *Double Helix* and then Anne Sayre's scrupulously researched and well-written book, *Rosalind Franklin and DNA* (Norton, 1975). They will find the comparison rather illuminating: there could be no better example of the way in which women have been subtly displaced from the pantheon of science. □

NARCOTICS

Trapped twice

Robert Kilroy-Silk MP on drugs and the ex-offender

IT IS ESTIMATED that there are 40,000 drug abusers in Britain, of whom 20,000 are regularly using narcotics. A large number of these will have been imprisoned at some stage of their drug-dependent career. A prison sentence does, therefore, ironically, offer an important opportunity to provide medical treatment and rehabilitation.

This is especially so given that the available evidence suggests that it is the prison service that identifies many of them first. It is the case, for example, that a large number of new notifications of addicts to the Home Office come from the prison medical service. It has been suggested that 50 per cent of the addicts entering Pentonville Prison were not previously known to the Home Office; that few of those in Wormwood Scrubs Prison had been notified; and that none of them had attended a hospital drug

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

treatment clinic.

Clearly, the prison service has an important and unique role to play in dealing with drug dependants. Yet the only formalised efforts to provide a therapeutic regime for drug dependants are those at Holloway, where the therapeutic unit caters for 20 women; at Wormwood Scrubs, where the annexe accommodates 40 men; at Grendon Psychiatric Prison which, in the eyes of the Advisory Council on the Misuse of Drugs, has realised the concept of a therapeutic community more completely than any other penal establishment; at Pentonville, which runs two groups; and at Feltham Borstal, which contains the largest number of drug dependants and offers the widest range of treatment.

Drug-dependant prisoners in these establishments are the lucky ones. They will at least receive some degree of treatment and help. For those drug dependants located in the penal establishments, treatment (as the Advisory Council pointed out in its 1980 report, *Drug Dependants within the Prison System*) 'seems scarce and to be provided on an ad hoc and individual basis'. Not surprisingly, therefore, it recommended that further therapeutic units for drug dependants on the lines of those operating in Holloway and Wormwood Scrubs prisons should be established elsewhere.

Yet, while recognising that such units 'play a valuable part' in dealing with drug dependants, the present government has refused to implement the recommendation on the grounds that the resources are not available. This means that some drug abusers will not therefore be getting the appropriate treatment and help; also it is shortsighted. It will cost considerably more in the long run in continued attempts at treatment and the continual processing of these individuals through the criminal justice and penal systems.

Moreover, although it has to be acknowledged that the success rate of rehabilitation remains relatively low, nevertheless those who do receive care have considerably improved chances of renouncing the use of drugs. The limited evidence that is available shows that treatment and rehabilitation are effective in reducing the use of drugs, in reducing the level of criminality and, therefore, of increasing the chances of the ex-drug user finding employment. Given all this, it is to be regretted that an opportunity to provide treatment and rehabilitation in the supervised environment of a prison to individuals who might otherwise have escaped the treatment net should thus have been missed.

THE GOVERNMENT'S decision might have been easier to accept if the services provided for drug abusers in the community were adequate. But they are not. Those that exist have developed in a piecemeal fashion with no clearly established policy or guidelines. This means that particular difficulties are experienced by drug dependants immediately on release from prison – clearly a critical period for someone who has been without drugs for some time. Unless positive countervailing measures are taken, the temptation to return to old friends, old haunts and the drug scene will be irresistible. And when they do, 10 per cent die from overdoses in the first year of release.

Community facilities are needed by all drug abusers, but those specifically geared to the needs of ex-offenders are particularly important. Yet there are only 100 clinics in the country that provide some degree of treatment for drug dependants – with 1,500 to 2,000 in- and out-patients at any one time. The quality of the service provided varies enormously. What does not vary is the excessive demand. Many clinics have huge waiting lists and receive new referrals at a rate with which they cannot cope. And among this massive competition for scarce medical resources the drug dependant who happens also to be an ex-offender will fare the worst.

Finding accommodation is even more difficult, as indeed it is for all ex-offenders. It is however particularly difficult for those who are dependant upon drugs. This is because there are only 14 residential drug-free rehabilitative hostels, providing 229 places. The Advisory Council said that it found 'a great deal of evidence of the need for many more hostels which will accept ex-drug dependants'. Given that the same report also said that there could be little doubt that the lack of accommodation associated with some rehabilitative facility was the greatest single drawback to any effort to rehabilitate ex-drug dependant prisoners on release, one would have expected a more positive response from the government. As it is, those voluntary organisations providing the hostels live a precarious existence, compelled to spend as much time fund-raising as working with their clients.

Drug dependants need help not only from the medical services, but also from a wide range of social services able to deal with their psychological, emotional and social problems. These are not available. There is but one day centre – the Lifeline Project in Manchester – and only seven street agencies.

It has to be recognised that, inadequate though the services undoubtedly are, they are unlikely to be improved. Drug dependants who happen also to be ex-offenders are not the most attractive and popular of individuals. Certainly there is no political mileage to be gained by district health authorities or by local authority social service committees in proposing to devote some of their scarce funds on services for drug misusers. If that is accepted, then the only way that even a minimal level of provision will be achieved is by means of central government funding, just as, indeed, the clinics were originally funded.

The £2 million a year for the next three years provided by the government to health authorities and voluntary organisations is a belated recognition of that fact. All that we now need is for the government to go just that little bit further and accept that more money is needed and that, in terms of the positive aspects of the rehabilitation of drug dependants, it will be money that is not only well spent but will, in the long-term, pay for itself. □

Agrarian policies and rural poverty in Africa

Edited by D. Ghai and S. Radwan

Little comparative work has been done on rural poverty, income distribution and agrarian change in Africa until recently. This study aims to fill this gap. In the nine country studies covering Botswana, Ghana, the Ivory Coast, Kenya, Malawi, Mozambique, Nigeria, Somalia and Zambia, an attempt is made to provide a quantitative and qualitative profile of rural poverty and income distribution and to evaluate the impact of state policies on them, especially with respect to land tenure, public expenditure and resource extraction from the rural areas.

ISBN 92-2-103109-8 (hard cover) £10.70
ISBN 92-2-103100-4 (limp cover) £7.85

Employment: Outlook and insights

A collection of essays on industrialised market-economy countries. *Edited by David Freedman*

These essays examine the factors contributing to high unemployment in the industrialised market-economy countries, the reasons why policy responses have been inadequate to meet the challenge, and the new objectives and approaches that might be adopted in order to deal now and in the future with the structural problems that may well influence the way we work and live for many years to come.

ISBN 92-2-102156-4 (hard cover) £8.55
ISBN 92-2-102155-6 (limp cover) £5.70

Unemployment in France, the Federal Republic of Germany and the Netherlands

A survey of trends, causes and policy options *by W. van Ginneken in collaboration with M. Garzuel*

Three group factors are examined in this monograph: the supply of labour, such as the 'baby boom' and the increased number of working women; those affecting the labour market, such as mis-matches between skills and between regions; and a group of so-called 'macro-economic' factors which include labour and capital costs, the impact of technology and the changed pattern of domestic and international demand.

ISBN 92-2-103032-6 £5.00

New forms of work organisation Volume 1

Denmark, Norway and Sweden, France, Federal Republic of Germany, United Kingdom, United States

This is the first volume in a series of two consisting of country monographs and more broad-ranging comparative studies. The case studies are preceded by an introduction explaining the conceptual framework of the project. The monographs demonstrate the growing trend towards the adoption of new forms of work organisation in different contexts, the difficulties and complexities involved, and the potential for success. Considerable differences among national approaches and experiences are shown.

ISBN 92-2-102005-3 (hard cover) £10.00
ISBN 92-2-101991-8 (limp cover) £7.15

Economics

A Workers' Education Manual

Beginning with a consideration of the workers' standard of living, this manual moves on to the subject of workers and enterprises, and then approaches the national and international framework within which workers and employers earn their living. Written in everyday language, the sense of abstract economic terms is explained in an appended glossary of common economic terms.

ISBN 92-2-103265-5 £5.00

International Labour Office
Branch Office
96/98 Marsham Street
London SW1P 4LY
Tel: 01-828 6401

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

TEACHING

Crash courses

John Rentoul and Jamie Dettmer on language schools

ABOUT A QUARTER of a million people come to Britain every year to learn English, bringing with them an estimated revenue of over £200 million. But the market in 'English as a Foreign Language' (EFL) courses is almost completely unregulated by the government, and is easily exploited by unscrupulous entrepreneurs. Neither the foreign students nor the EFL teachers are capable of defending themselves against the sharks which plague the business.

Language schools sprouted in London and South Coast resort towns in the boom years of EFL teaching in the 1960s, but they have never been the legal responsibility of the Department of Education and Science. Nevertheless, the DES was worried enough by the state of EFL teaching to encourage schools to apply voluntarily for recognition, which required certain basic minimum conditions.

Then, in 1981, the DES announced that it would no longer operate the scheme because of cuts in civil service numbers. A new scheme, under the auspices of the British Council, has been set up which gives the government even less control. It is run by the schools themselves and one of its main purposes is to promote and advertise EFL courses abroad, with the help of the British Tourist Authority. But the government ought to be seriously concerned about the quality of the product its agencies are promoting. The 187 schools recognised under the British Council scheme – the 'respectable' sector – have few enough regulations, but they are surrounded by a jungle of unscrupulous commercialism.

Foreign students – not all of whom are rich – often are unable to discriminate between schools before they arrive, and when they do arrive are clearly vulnerable to fraud. And schools are staffed on the whole by short-term, non-union teachers, for example students during their summer vacation.

The General and Municipal union's white collar section, MATSA, which represents 600 language teachers, finds itself unwelcome in most schools. The language schools' organisation, ARELS, has a clear anti-union stance. 'Labour has no part to play in management', says its general secretary, Colonel Ray Arthur (Retd.), one of the many ex-army people in the business.

Most teachers work without contracts and without clearly defined conditions of employment. Many teachers receive their pay irregularly and can be made redundant with very little notice. They find it difficult to defend themselves against operators who come and go, often setting up a school for the summer season and then moving on.

ONE OF THE most cynical exploiters of the EFL business is Hakan Vidner, 43, a colourful character who has run up debts with teachers and tax authorities in this country and in Sweden, amounting to thousands of pounds. He originally set up a company called Kollegiet in Sweden in the late 1960s, which offered expensive two-week language courses in London. Since then he has set up one company after another, often with very similar names, in this country and Sweden at least, leaving behind a series of bemused creditors and enraged teachers.

The Swedish police are investigating his affairs, but he has recently disappeared. A telephone call to his villa in Malaga in Spain, earlier this week, provided the information that Mr Vidner was 'in London'. If so, HM Customs and Excise would like to meet him. They are still investigating his affairs after petitioning for the winding up of one of companies last October, which owed £26,000 in VAT.

Someone else who would be 'very interested' to know of his whereabouts is Mr Ross, a partner in chartered accountants Finnie Ross Allfields, who were the auditors of the company IBC (International Business Colleges) Ltd. Not only are Finnie Ross Allfields owed £2,000 in audit fees, but they would like to ask Mr Vidner about another company he set up called IBC Productions Ltd. Mr Ross told the *New Statesman* they were 'probably' still the auditors of this second company, although they had no communications with it for a year. Since, in fact, they signed the accounts for the period to the end of 1981 last July. They then stated, in their report, that IBC Productions was a going concern, 'subject to support from the holding company, URAB'.

The history of Vidner's involvement in the language school business is long and very complicated. The complexity of his affairs has shielded him from tax authorities and other creditors, and he has exploited the limited liability laws in this country to stay ahead of his pursuers.

His first venture, Kollegiet, seemed very successful and it had a high reputation. Vidner then set up IBC (International Business Colleges) in this country in 1974, to run the London end of the business. All courses were pre-paid in Stockholm, and the fee included luxury accommodation in hotels and rented flats and intensive tuition.

IBC ran two-week courses throughout the year, with an average of 20 students on each one. At a fee of about £1,200 per student, Vidner in Stockholm must have been taking in the equivalent of at least £600,000 a year in fees. IBC's accounts for the 18 months up to June 1978, however, show a turnover of only £275,000. Gerald Samson, managing director of IBC from 1977, ran IBC on funds tranferred by Vidner from Stockholm. These were tardy, irregular and, from late 1980, insufficient.

While Samson demanded funds from Vidner to pay the company's growing debt, Vidner set up two companies: URAB in Sweden and IBC Productions in London. At the end of 1980 Samson was fired and replaced by a former colleague of Vidner's. The teaching staff, frustrated by continual late payment of their salaries throughout 1981, went on strike on several occasions. Each time Vidner responded with promises of payment, which were broken, or with cheques, which bounced.

IBC (International Business Colleges) was finally put in the hands of the Official Receiver in October 1982. The liquidation is taking some time because the Official Receiver is having difficulty in understanding the affairs of the company: turnover since January 1979 is unknown, the only asset listed by the company is money owed by a subsidiary, although its identity is unknown, and the Official Receiver has had no reply to his letters.

But meanwhile the teaching staff of IBC were offered new employment by URAB in August 1982. The offer came in a letter signed by Vidner and included an offer of an ex gratia payment to cover back pay owed by IBC. With no other jobs to go to, the teachers accepted the offer. Vidner also promised he would register for PAYE and that they would have written contracts. Neither promise has been kept.

Between August and December 1982 the Vidner circus used four hotels in London – Barkston, Bonnington, Bryanston and the Park Plaza – and two property letting companies – Mansley and Fleet Estates – leaving behind substantial debts. Mansley, which had been stung by IBC already, secured a letter from Vidner personally guaranteeing any rent owed by URAB. That guarantee has proved worthless. The teachers, backed by MATSA, announced themselves constructively dismissed and wanted to sue for two-and-a-half months' back pay. Their solicitors received a letter from URAB which denies it ever had employees in London.

THE EFFERVESCENT Vidner, charming and talkative as ever, began operations again in London almost immediately. IBC Productions was running courses until May this year from 43 Kensington High Street. The company secretary and director of IBC Productions told us in March that the company was still solvent but that its debts were larger than Vidner had led him to believe. He resigned last month, owed £5,000.

One of the reasons Vidner has been able to continue his operations for so long is that he has companies in different countries and is able to transfer funds between them. But London is a particularly attractive location for him and the many others like him because the language teaching industry is free from any statutory regulation, it costs just £90 to set up a company, and because the insolvency process is so slow.

Top 'company undertaker' Sir Kenneth Cork (the man who acted as receiver for DeLorean) proposed sweeping changes and simplifications in Britain's antiquated insolvency laws in a report a year ago. If these changes were implemented, it would make it significantly more difficult for sharks like Vidner to survive. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DIARY

Brian Sedgemore

It's sad to see Eric Heffer, whose idealism could cut a diamond, being cruelly used by some of his Parliamentary supporters for the Leadership, in order that, when the battle is over, they may claim that they retained their political purity by not voting, on the first ballot at any rate, for their abomination Neil Kinnock – variously described this week as a 'chauvinist' (male, I presume) and a 'careerist'. For these MPs there are two paramount propositions. 'Neil is impure. Eric is not Neil.' Those who accept the nuances of these propositions are engaged in machiavellian machinations that turn the stomach. Such machinations inevitably bring problems in their train. They can be summarised thus: 'Eric won't win, thank God. Eric mustn't win. If by some miracle Eric does win, we'll ditch him when Tony (Benn) returns to the House. Eric must not be allowed to stand for Deputy Leader and muck up Michael Meacher's chances. But how do we explain to our constituency activists that a man who we say is fit to be Leader is unfit to be Deputy Leader? Somebody's got to make it clear to Eric that, if he allows his name to go forward for the post of Deputy, we'll withdraw our support from him as Leader. Who's going to do it?' When the unlucky MP who drew the short straw approached him on this delicate matter, Eric at first mistook his meaning and thought he was being invited to stand as Deputy Leader. Collapse of at least one MP who was listening in. But is it funny? Is it politics that speak to comradeship or sense? Me, I'm going to drink from the poisoned chalice and then vote for Neil as Leader, Michael for Deputy Leader.

○

Those new MPs who aspire to the rooms at the top would be wise to heed the first law of Parliamentary politics. This states that the scale of the struggle is inversely proportionate to the size of the endowments that the patron bestows. This unworthy thought crossed my mind when Robin Cook, Neil Kinnock's campaign manager, almost bumped into Oonagh McDonald, one of Roy Hattersley's aides, in the corridor outside the tea room where so many ears are bent. Robin is enjoying every minute of the campaign. So confident is he that Neil will win that he's already preparing to turn him into an international statesman. In the Library, where huge green leather armchairs engulf their occupants, he asks Stuart Holland how this objective might best be secured. Stuart rattles off an impressive list of possible speaking dates in Europe for Neil. More modestly and less reverently I offer two pieces of advice: (1) if Neil does not have a passport, he should get one; (2) he should learn French and German or others of the foreign languages. Robin, a powerful figure in his own right who'll certainly make it to the top, put me down with the delphic comment: 'He speaks Welsh already.' For Oonagh, the going is tougher. 'She's set sail in more ships that have sunk than anyone I know,' said one of her admirers from the Lobby. When Oonagh first entered Parliament, she was an acolyte of Tony Benn. Then she made Parliamentary history by asking to become a PPS and crossed over to Joel Barnett. Then she supported John Silkin for the Leadership. Now she Roy's girl. She might just make it. Good man that he is, Roy should be able to negotiate something for his supporters from his position as Deputy Leader.

○

At a meeting of the Tribune Group, Norman Buchan, a poet who recoils from writing verse about his colleagues lest he embarrass them, is critical of the new breed of Tory MPs. They're the first trained cadre of MPs ever produced by Conservative Central Office. All of them have been positively vetted at weekend country-house meetings organised by Sir Anthony Royle. Hence, they've all good manners, are well dressed, don't trip over carpets as they enter rooms and can balance peas on forks. Norman bemoans the fact that, unlike their predecessors, they've got no links with the land or industry. 'They're Poujadist, petty bourgeois, interested only in making money,' he adds. Some of them are certainly too young to die for their country. Universally, their maiden speeches have been pedestrian; philistine; devoid of wit, rigour, or interest. If

MPs are going to insist, when making maiden speeches, on giving us a Cooks tour of their constituencies, they surely ought to go for style and seek to suggest (1) that they understand how sentences are constructed in English (reading a book often helps here); (2) that each succeeding paragraph follows on from the one before; (3) that their efforts are extempore. It's amazing how, one after the other, the poor little blighters have peered down at extensive notes written on little pieces of cardboard (their weekends with Sir Anthony seem to have dulled their memories), rather in the manner of after dinner speakers at Rotary Clubs. Surely, by now, they know their way around their constituencies without notes and maps. Winding up a debate last week, John Biffen, Leader of the House, said that politics was, among other things, about 'tone and style'. Not that which comes from weekends at country houses, John me old mate, it ain't.

○

Even governments with majorities as large as Thatcher's don't like the idea of early by-elections. For there's nothing like the quick loss of a seat to damage back-bench morale and allow the opposition to claim that the government has lost its mandate. So we can discount reports that there will be a by-election in Wimbledon in the autumn to enable the local MP and Attorney General, Sir Michael Havers, to move up to the House of Lords and become Lord Chancellor. Although Thatcher is desperately anxious to get rid of Lord Hailsham, whose powers have long since declined and whose corpulent stomach spreads ever more obscenely across the Woolsack with each passing day, she's been stymied by her Whips, who've told her that the seat in Wimbledon could be lost in an unnecessary by-election. At the general election, Sir Michael had a majority of 12,263 over the Liberal runner-up. The Whips warn that if Shirley Williams (described in the tea room recently as the SDP's Political Call Girl) took over for the Alliance, she could do another Crosby on the Tories. Not that the political parties in Wimbledon (Labour won the seat in 1945) can afford to relax. Thatcher's insisting that, even if the seat has to be sacrificed, there must be a by-election next year.

ROGER WODDIS

Narrowing the gap

The new Chancellor, Mr Nigel Lawson, confirmed in a television interview that the government was considering a cut in unemployment benefit, which was regarded as a 'disincentive to work'.

Too long they've been pampered,
The slack and bone-idle,
Who pale when they're passing
A factory-gate.
It calls for firm measures
Intended to bridle
Their selfish compulsion
To live off the State.

Our plan is to widen
The gulf that is narrow
Between the high-flyers
And those who can't spell.
With labour so costly,
It freezes the marrow
To think of the jobless
Who seem to live well.

Our Chancellor offers
A subtle incentive,
Concealing a purpose
That's part of the whole,
And counts on his colleagues
To show they're inventive
In cooking the figures
Of those on the dole.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Campaign management

Claudia Wright explains President Reagan's dilemma over press coverage of Central America in the run-up to next year's election

Washington

UNTIL THE US Presidential election is over, the propaganda and disinformation part of the war in Central America is more important and difficult for President Reagan to wage than the military or covert operations themselves. The reason is simple. Mr Reagan's handlers aren't sure whether the war is an electoral benefit or liability, and they don't know whether coverage by the US press (and official disinformation to control it) will be good or bad for the President's polls.

The Sandinistas could have played their cards better last month had they allowed the story of a US espionage and assassination plot in Nicaragua to become a scoop for the *Washington Post* or the *New York Times*. Instead, on 6 June, they called a general press conference in Managua, where they presented evidence that CIA agents had trained a Nicaraguan Foreign Ministry employee in espionage and had given her a bottle of poisoned Benedictine with which to kill the Nicaraguan Foreign Minister, Miguel D'Escoto.

Whether the story was true or 'all lies', as US officials claimed, the major US newspapers, which have exposed several covert CIA operations targeted at Nicaragua, failed to pursue this one at all. A week later, the State Department arranged a scoop of a different sort for the *Washington Post* – a 13-hour interview with a defector from Nicaragua's Department of State Security.

In a replay in reverse of the Managua press conference, the defector claimed that the D'Escoto plot had been set up by Nicaraguan agents, with technical help from the KGB and the Cubans. Code-named Operation SPIDERWEB, it was part of a scheme, he said, to lure non-Sandinista political groups, unionists and Catholic churchmen into contacts with the US embassy; film them clandestinely; then expose them as CIA agents and conspirators. For extra measure, the defector told the *Post*, last year's State Department effort to publicise another Nicaraguan defector had been secretly masterminded by Nicaraguan security men. It had backfired on the State Department when the defector, Orlando Tardencillas, was produced for journalists in Washington on 12 March 1982, and unexpectedly recanted his story, attacking the US for trying to manipulate him and fool public opinion.

Last week, there was another twist and another *Washington Post* scoop. On 29 June, a man named Rodrigo Cuadra Clachar was blown to pieces by a car bomb in San Jose, Costa Rica. He was a defector from the Sandinista government who had been in contact with the Democratic Revolutionary Alliance (ARDE), the anti-Sandinista group which is based in Costa Rica and led by Eden Pastora. According to the *Post*, the man blew himself up by accident with a bomb he intended to use on the ARDE men in San Jose. It is just as likely that he was assassinated by ARDE, which was tipped off about a double agent in their midst by intelligence sources in Washington, including the defector that the *Post* had already interviewed. As reported, the episode was proof of Nicaraguan subversion in 'friendly', 'peaceful', 'democratic' Costa Rica.

The SPIDERWEB, Tardencillas and Clachar affairs illustrate just how complicated

AP

Miguel D'Escoto: target of poison plot

and intensely fought is the disinformation war. This stems in part from the conviction at the White House that more strenuous effort is needed to convince American public opinion that the war is worth fighting. In a secret National Security Council document, prepared in April 1982 and leaked a year later, officials concluded that, 'We . . . have serious difficulties with US public and Congressional opinion, which jeopardises our ability to stay the course.'

ONE WAY OF DEALING with the Congress has been to threaten those running for re-election next year with the prospect of being accused of going soft on Communism in the region. 'Who lost Central America is going to be an issue in the next presidential election,' William Casey, director of the CIA, warned House Democrats early last month when told that CIA operations to overthrow the Sandinista government lacked Congressional authority or legality.

This type of pressure tactic is moderately persuasive with electorally weak Representatives and Senators. By playing up the spectre of Communists wading across the Rio Grande, the White House has frightened Southern Democrats, including the Majority Leader in the House, Representative Jim Wright of Texas. Others, like Clarence Long, chairman of the House Appropriating Subcommittee in charge of El Salvador's cash flow, barely won re-election in 1982, and have been neutralised by sops like the appointment of Richard Stone as a special negotiator for Central America, and by the establishment of a commission to draft the policy options with maximum bipartisan consensus.

These are just variations of the old Vietnam war trick of concealing military escalation behind the appearance of talking peace, local democracy, and land reform, and for those who like to believe that it is possible to learn from history, it is distinctly encouraging to note the evidence that American public opinion isn't falling for it.

Superficially, Mr Reagan's position is improving in the polls. His general job rating has risen this year and, though the polls differ on the margin of public approval, one thing is clear – confidence that there will be a strong economic recovery in 1983-84 has cut into a major source of dissatisfaction with the President. Public approval of his foreign policy performance has also improved, though by a much smaller margin. This is due primarily to the lull in fighting, compared with last summer, in Lebanon.

At the same time, Americans are showing *increasing* concern that the President 'may get us into another war'. In a Harris poll in May, 56 per cent of a national sample expressed this view, compared with 45 per cent in February. In polls that asked, 'What is the most important problem facing the nation today?' fear of war was identified by 3 per cent of people polled in January 1981; it was up to 11 per cent in April 1983; 15 per cent in June.

On his Central American policy, Mr Reagan began with a high level of public opposition. What that has done to restrain him is debatable, but he has failed to win over any significant new support. In March 1981, the Gallup poll found 62 per cent of a national survey well informed enough to know which side the US was on in El Salvador. Among this group, half already disapproved the President's handling of the situation, and this proportion has continued to increase.

IN MAY 1983 national polls showed extraordinarily strong opposition to all the Administration's military options – 70 per cent disapproval of sending more arms to the Salvadoran junta, 80 per cent disapproval of sending US troops to El Salvador and 78 per cent disapproval of covert CIA operations to topple the Nicaraguan government. The more the US press published, and the more people read about Central America, the less they believed that the conflict there was caused by a Communist insurgency, as distinct from poverty, corruption and abuse of human rights. When asked if they would agree to sending US troops, if that 'seemed the only way to save the government in El Salvador from being defeated', a national

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

poll in May showed that 63 per cent still said no.

In a poll last month, the proportion of people who knew which side the US was on in El Salvador appears to have declined – a sign perhaps that the purge of State Department officials involved in Central American policy and the appointment of a special negotiator had undermined the 'red peril' theory and confused many people.

The proportion of those who knew that the US was on the side of the government in El Salvador, and the anti-government guerillas in Nicaragua, was only 8 per cent. But opponents of sending troops clearly outweighed supporters, even among those who didn't know.

This is quite different from public opinion in the early stages of the Vietnam war. Then, the Johnson Administration was able to count on both the knowledgable and the ignorant for support of military intervention – though for different reasons. At the time, there was also greater trust in the credibility of the President. By contrast, in a May 1983 poll, 40 per cent of Americans said they didn't believe that the Reagan Administration was telling the truth about its policies in Central America.

There should be no illusion – not in Europe, not in Managua, and certainly not in the Salvadoran jungle – about the efficacy of public opposition to Mr Reagan's war in Central America. It has delayed US military escalation – it hasn't stopped it.

Much depends on the way the Democractic candidates for President run their campaigns. Many Democrats have forgotten how Richard Nixon was able to draw Hubert Humphrey, the Democratic candidate in 1968, into a position on Vietnam that was almost indistinguishable from his own. What the Democrats do remember today is that Nixon was able to make Democrats who campaigned for unilateral US withdrawal – Eugene McCarthy in 1968 and George McGovern in 1972 – look too extreme to be electable.

A strategy that tried to capitalise on popular distrust of Reagan and on opposition to military intervention in Central America would draw much sharper contrasts between Democrats and the President than most of the candidates are willing to risk. Such a strategy would emphasise the parallels with Vietnam and the inevitability that most Americans reject – the despatch of US ground forces. Such a strategy would also rebut the President's Communist Domino theory, with emphasis on poverty and corruption in the Central American states. The strategy would deliberately seek out the votes of those groups most adamant in their opposition to the Reagan war policy – women, blacks, Catholics, the young.

At this point, there is only one Democrat doing these things who has a chance of winning the party nomination and beating Reagan. That is Walter Mondale, the former Vice-President – and he is under tremendous pressure to make his position more ambiguous. If the guerrillas in El Salvador and the anti-war movement in the US can stiffen Mondale's spine, that will be a major achievement. □

IRELAND

Catholic radicals

Mary Holland on opposition to US foreign policy

IRELAND'S MOST trenchant critic of US policy in Central America could not be present at the demonstration which greeted Vice-President George Bush when he arrived at the American Embassy in Dublin to celebrate the Fourth of July. Bishop Eamonn Casey, remembered in Britain for his part in helping to found Shelter back in the Sixties, was away in Lourdes on a pilgrimage. But public opposition to American policy, which he has helped to build, could be heard loud and clear.

By far the strongest speeches outside the Embassy were made by priests lately returned from El Salvador and Mexico. Nuns carried the banner of the El Salvador Solidarity Committee with its quotes from the murdered Archbishop Romero. Others were involved in committees pledging support to Cuba, Chile and the Philippines. When political and public figures passed on their way to the Independence Day celebrations inside the Embassy, they were greeted with the one word chant of reproach – 'Romero, Romero'.

It is a little difficult to understand why Ireland got tacked on to the Vice-President's European itinerary, except that officials in both Dublin and Washington seem to have thought that it was time Ireland got a visit from an important political personage. From the American point of view, it meant that Mr Bush could take in another EEC capital and talk to its government about the Community's attitudes to American foreign policy. Washington is known to have been annoyed at the recent statement by EEC heads of government at Stuttgart, strongly supported by Ireland and critical of American policy in Central America.

The possible benefits to the Irish government of the Vice-President's lightning visit seemed at first sight more obvious. It would demonstrate that Ireland was held in official American esteem and present an opportunity to canvass support for Dublin's policy on Northern Ireland, particularly for the setting up of the new Ireland forum. This is important because the American card is one which the Irish government likes to feel that it can hold in reserve when discussing the northern problem with Britain as it will almost certainly want to do in the near future.

It was unfortunate for Mr Bush that his arrival was preceded last week by that of Henry Kissinger – on a private visit but taking time out to laud President Reagan's foreign policy achievements. It is a long time since Ireland has been favoured with the attentions of two such political luminaries. Their presence in Dublin within days of each other seemed a curious coincidence. It in fact focused public attention on American foreign policy past and present in a way which was not helpful to Mr Bush.

FOR REASONS which have to do with their own history, politics and religion many Irish people feel a gut revulsion against American 'foreign policy', particularly in Central America which is the one area which Mr Bush has been at pains to defend on his European tour. They disapprove of its neocolonial bias, whether this is manifested in Vietnam or El Salvador. They particularly dislike it when Catholic missionaries and relief workers return home from countries in Central America and recount what they have seen and experienced. Most Irish people have been brought up to have a special respect for priests, nuns and lay workers who devote their lives to missionary work abroad. They contribute with quite extraordinary generosity to the work of Third World aid and relief agencies. Last Monday night, when a monk in a brown habit and sandals spokes outside the American Embassy of 'murdering bastards' in El Salvador 'carrying out their filthy work of genocide', the impact was much greater than if the same speech had been made by a politician.

The emergence of a powerful Catholic Third World lobby has already presented problems to the Irish government, which Mr Bush's visit has not helped.

There are good reasons why no Dublin government wants to risk offending the United States – quite apart from any long-term political support it might seek over Northern Ireland. American companies and their subsidiaries now employ more than 36,000 people in the Irish Republic, or one in six of the manufacturing work force. They account for £2,000 million worth of exports a year and have made Ireland the twelfth largest manufacturer of pharmaceutical products in the world.

Recently a motion was tabled by backbenchers in the Dail, urging the Irish government to protest at the United Nations against attempts to 'destabilise' the government of Nicaragua. The motion was diluted by the whips after what one of its sponsors described as 'fierce pressure from the Americans'. Pressure seems to have come as much from American companies operating in Ireland as from the Embassy.

Dr Garret FitzGerald will have reassured Mr Bush that the Irish Government's view of US policy in Central America is more sophisticated than that of its turbulent clerical critics. But anyone who has been on the opposing side on social or political issues knows very well that, when the Catholic Church sets out to mobilise public opinion in Ireland, the politicians usually fall into line.

If, as one Irish diplomat remarked last week, Ireland is now perceived as being 'more out of line with American foreign policy than any other EEC country except Socialist Greece', that is almost entirely due to the radical pressures exerted by members of a Church that is probably the most conservative in Europe. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PHILIPPINES

Crumbling centre

Leslie Caplan speaks to the leader of the opposition

Manila

ANYONE LANDING at Manila's super-de-luxe international airport, climbing the grand staircase of the prestigious new Cultural Centre, or staying at one of the sumptuous 5-star hotels, might not immediately notice how far the political and economic problems of this bitterly divided country have escalated since the dubious elections of 1981.

Millions of family incomes below the poverty line; massive foreign debt (over $17 billion); loss due to corruption of a significant portion of GDP; creeping militarisation; the 'hamleting' of peasants into strategic villages, where they are no longer available to resist the development plans of the government and of outside interests; escalating guerilla war; torture and 'salvaging' (murder by the military) of political opponents, or even of people simply offering their professional skills to help the rural poor – these are some of the 'problems'.

Salvador ('Doy') Laurel, 54, leader of the official opposition in parliament and himself the head of a rich and powerful family, has for years campaigned in favour of non-violent change, reconciliation and clean elections. Recently the tone of his speeches has shifted and, at his home in Manila, I put it to him that he no longer believed that what *should* happen could happen.

'There definitely is an increasing pessimism that change through non-violent means is still possible. The proof is the growing radicalisation all over the country and the consequent diminution of our ranks – we've lost one in four of our leaders in the course of a year; they've joined the guerillas.'

Martial law had been used, not to clean up corruption or push through effective land reform, but to apply vicious repression including widespread torture and killing, as evidenced in Amnesty International's reports. A major factor in the shift away from the moderate ranks was the realisation that the lifting of martial law was a paper lifting only, in response to US pressure; in reality, Marcos institutionalised the essential apparatus of martial law by amendments to the constitution – the domestic power, without the international opprobrium.

When it became clear that the 1981 elections were to be rigged, there were those who talked of a programme of selective assassination. 'I knew what kind of backlash that would cause, what they call Operation Mad Dog, in which, if the President is hit, or any of his key men, they just push a button, set in operation the systematic killing of anybody they suspect is with the opposition or indeed any actual or potential rivals for power.'

To avoid the slaughter of innocent people, Laurel called instead for a national boycott, as a result of which more than half the voters either did not vote or spoiled their ballots. A number of those who helped promote this boycott were murdered.

Today, 70 per cent of the active opposition in the entire country is working with the guerillas. It no longer believes in non-violent means. Some, who previously worked with Laurel (although emphatically not communists themselves) have joined the communist-led New People's Army (NPA). Others have joined the Moslem separatist Moro National Liberation Front (MNLF) in the south, or groups like the April 6th Movement, engaged in underground activity in the major towns.

'I know people who are business executives, professors, students, labour leaders, who are not violent people, did not even know how to handle a gun; now they are with urban guerilla groups or the Church Left, holding a gun every day.'

SIGNIFICANTLY, IN A SPEECH in August 1982, Marcos referred to a plot to overthrow his government by a broad range of opposition forces – the traditional parliamentary opposition, the Communist Party, members of the MNLF, priests and trade unionists. If this line-up is correct, who is left? By his own reckoning, the power base that remains to underpin his Presidency, apart from the army, is not immediately apparent.

At a recent briefing, 15 provincial governors were told that the radical elements – NPA, MNLF, Urban Guerillas and Church Left – have now joined forces; that they are massing around Metro Manila; that they've come as close as 45 minutes away by car; that the NPA have increased the fronts from which they're capable of striking from 27 to 40, aiming in particular to transfer the site of combat from distant Mindano and Visayas closer to Manila. As a result, it has become necessary to transfer 28 battalions to cordon off Manila. Since elections are expected in 1984, the contents of that briefing are of immediate political, as well as long-term strategic, significance.

'If Marcos wanted to call an election today, he'd be lucky to hold peaceful elections in five regions – Metro Manila, Southern Tagalog, part of Central Luzon, part of Ilocos, and Central Visayas.'

Five regions, out of 13. This makes the holding of elections highly doubtful until the problem of peace and order has been solved – which it cannot be (if at all) without American aid, both military and economic. This partly explains, no doubt, the statement of Admiral Long about the perceived threat of Russia aiming its nuclear warheads against all countries with American bases. Perceived threats equal more aid. On the other side, apart from captured weapons, substantial quantities of AK47s are said to have reached the NPA from East Germany, while the Moslems are helped by Iran.

A possible analogy to Iran is in quite a few minds. In a campaign to deflect church criticism, Cardinal Sin was even accused of wanting to take over, and dubbed the 'Catholic Khomeini'. Sin commented, 'If there's a Khomeini, there must be a Shah!'

LAUREL says that, in his talks in the US, he warned them, 'Your policy is not to act or react until too late. You are always late: in Iran, Nicaragua, Vietnam. You'll be late again in El Salvador, and you'll be late in the Philippines. The revolution has already begun. If one cannot hold elections in more than half of the country, that's a revolution. When rebel groups go in and out of towns and cities at will, when more then 80,000 have been killed in Mindanao alone, that's already a revolution.' And it costs. 23 million pesos (£1.6 million) a day goes to the military. 'That's the budget of a nation at war.'

The ambiguity of Senator Laurel's position reflects the whole political equation at this juncture. As the advocate of reconciliation, he offers, at least in theory, a way out, a third choice between the present set-up and communism. 'I know the silent majority still prefer the democratic process, provided there's a more equitable distribution of wealth.' What the NPA, and the umbrella underground organisation, the National Democratic Front, advocate, is a coalition government.

Marcos needs Laurel, not least as a reserve option if things get too tough; and he's said not to forget how Laurel's father, whose funeral oration he himself delivered, saved his life three times before and during World War II. Laurel, perhaps, needs Marcos, since his own future political role depends on change coming about through peaceful

new left review

139

SOLIDARNOŚĆ & SOCIALISM

A provocative assessment of Solidarity's past and future by Oliver MacDonald

ALSO: **Anderson** Trotsky on Stalinism **Worpole** Hammett and Hemingway **Doyal & Harris** Language or Labour? **Kesting** Peter Weiss

Single copies $5/£1.90; subs (6 issues) $22/£9 (UK only)

new left review
15 Greek Street, London W1V 5LF

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

means, i.e.., a clean election. This can't happen without Marcos.

But the diminishing credibility of this hope, the sense of time running out, that the next 12 months will be make-or-break year, comes together with the reproach of the people in the mountains who tell him, 'Don't you know you're delaying our timetable? You're fighting a losing battle – you can't convince this fellow, and you can't convince us to stop.'

To which Laurel replies, 'I'm not trying to delay the revolution, I'm trying to avoid it. The moment I reach a point where I no longer believe it can be avoided, I will be the last to oppose the superior right of revolution. If Marcos doesn't show any sign of being interested in heading it off, we'll withdraw, we'll dismantle the entire apparatus of the moderate opposition. And they know where to go, all of them.' □

APARTHEID

Money talks

Martin Bailey reports on a successful campaign against sanctions by US business interests

SECRET US STATE Department documents show how American companies pressurised the Reagan Administration to weaken the embargo on sales to the South African armed forces. United States companies argued that they were losing $500 million a year in business, much of it diverted to British companies. The government papers, released under the Freedom of Information Act, were obtained by the American Friends Service Committee for a report, *Automating Apartheid*, on computer exports to South Africa.

In February 1978 the Carter Administration introduced a ban on the sale of American-origin goods to the South African armed forces and police. This followed the death of Steve Biko, and was in addition to the existing embargo on the supply of arms.

Four months later a confidential cable was sent by the US consulate in Johannesburg to Secretary of State Vance which warned that American companies were suffering increasing sales losses as local resentment toward the US and belief in the unreliability of the US grew. The US subsidiaries were concerned that the new regulations might be extended to cover sales to BOSS, the Prisons Department and the state arms manufacturer Armscor. Computer companies complained that they had been particularly badly hit, and the US consulate pointed out that 'the UK has already increased sales this year to about five times those of the US, which in the past dominated the market'.

But the American firms fought back for their share of the lucrative South African market. A further cable to Secretary of State Vance summarised a secret South African study on the impact of sanctions. It pointed out that 'multinationals, including US subsidiaries, are determined to undercut any sanctions action and have already made plans to camouflage their operations through subterfuges arranged with affiliates in other countries'. The following year, the US embassy in Pretoria cabled Washington about reports that Ford and General Motors were using British parts in order to continue vehicle sales to the armed forces and the police.

In March 1979, the American Chamber of Commerce in South Africa warned the US Commerce Secretary that its 250 members were losing business. One South African customer, which in the past had ordered almost exclusively from the United States, had recently sent a $50 million order for draglines to Britain 'because of doubt as to the dependability of the US as a source'.

By 1981 the American Chamber of Commerce was claiming that the ban on sales to the armed forces and police was costing US companies $500 million a year. Four months later, the Reagan Administration began to chip away at the embargo. The first step was to allow the sale of anti-hijacking equipment for aeroplanes. In March last year, sweeping new changes were announced: US companies would be permitted to sell aircraft which could not be used for military purposes, most computers and communications equipment and a range of other products. Last January the restrictions were weakened still further, so that they now cover little more than military equipment and vehicles.

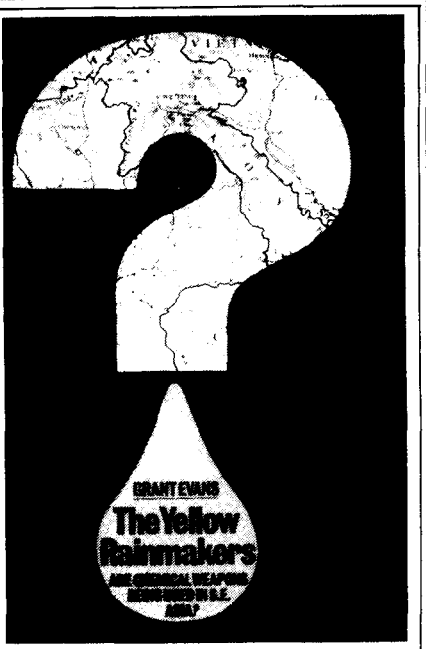
THE US government papers document how corporate pressure led to the whittling away of the embargo on sales to the armed forces and police. As the secret South African sanctions study pointed out, Pretoria's 'stake in the multinationals is very large, not only for obvious economic reasons but because they exercise a restraining effect on policymakers abroad'.

The AFSC report on *Automating Apartheid* argues that the American embargo against South Africa is only a partial ban, basically only covering weapons and not many of the high-technology goods that are essential for a modern military force. It is US companies which have been setting the parameters for the existing restrictions on sales to the military and police 'by making plans to switch to non-US supply stocks and pledging to help Pretoria overcome any potential shortages of strategic goods by deceptive means'.

The report therefore calls for a strengthening of the embargo to include a ban on the sale of *any* US goods to the South African government *and* all its agencies. Even then, however, the problems of implementation remain. There is a South African saying that you can't read an embargo document through a gold coin. □

Automating Apartheid *is available for $5 from AFSC, 1501 Cherry Street, Philadelphia, PA 19102.*

VERSO/NLB



Grant Evans
THE YELLOW RAINMAKERS
Are Chemical Weapons being used in SE Asia?
"I believe that these allegations are clearly proved."
William Rees Mogg
"No physical evidence capable of withstanding scientific scrutiny has ever been produced in support of the US allegations."
Grant Evans
Cloth £14.50; Paper £3.95

Fred Halliday
THE MAKING OF THE SECOND COLD WAR
The anatomy of the strains in US/Soviet relations
Cloth £18.50; Paper £4.95

Franco Moretti
SIGNS TAKEN FOR WONDERS
A fascinating mosaic of literary criticism
Cloth £15.00; Paper £5.95

Verso/NLB London 15 Greek St W1V 5LF

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PEACE CAMPS

Seneca women

Susan Jaffe on the Greenham-inspired camp in the US

'THE GREENHAM COMMON protest has gone stale,' the *Washington Post* decided in a despatch from London last week. But some stubborn American women don't know that peace camps are supposed to have become boring. They have set up a 'Women's Encampment for a Future of Peace and Justice' just outside the US Seneca army depot, a 21-square-mile installation in northern New York State. Seneca is believed to contain nuclear weapons and will probably be the departure point for Pershing II missiles going to West Germany later this year.

Although the Americans were inspired by the Greenham Common women, the Seneca encampment is different in one important way: it is protected from attack by the authorities because it is perfectly legal. Seven months ago, organisers began collecting $37,500 in small private donations to buy a 52-acre farm conveniently adjacent to the base and 1½ miles from the front gate. More than 100 tents have been erected on a back field and another field is now a parking lot for cars and vans from over 17 States, some from as far away as the Mid-west and the Pacific coast. The women range in age from 3 to 72. The contingent of foreign visitors includes women from Canada, Great Britain, West Germany, Italy and Sweden. 'It's taken the Americans a long time to get going. They haven't been as angry as Europeans,' said Judy Liebowitz, a visitor from South-east London.

Opening day for the encampment was 4 July, the anniversary of the American revolution. The women staged a rebellion of sorts of their own, by marching to the front gate of the army base where they planted a rose bush, 'to symbolise our attempt to convert the base into something that creates life rather than destroys it,' said Donna Cooper, programme director of Women's International League for Peace and Freedom. Several other groups have contributed staff and resources to the peace camp, including the War Resisters League, American Friends Service Committee, Women USA and Women Strike for Peace.

On 1 August, hundreds of women intend to block entrances to the Seneca depot, risking arrest in a non-violent civil disobedience protest. There will also be periodic vigils outside the base and marches to two nearby historic landmarks – the home of black abolitionist Harriet Tubman, and the site of the first US women's rights convention, in 1848. Workshops on disarmament, women's history, racism, and other issues will be conducted daily.

National media are quite intrigued with the women-only encampment, almost forgetting that the women are here for a protest, not a holiday in the countryside. Reporters have wondered how volunteer women plumbers managed to install running water and how women electricians succeeded in lighting the barn. Several news organisations did not gain admittance because they could not find any women employees to send out on the story. Men, including irate reporters, are confined to a special reception area.

While the women constantly remind the media that they are protesting against the deployment of nuclear missiles, the Pentagon is quite reticent on the subject. 'It's army policy to neither confirm nor deny the existence of nuclear weapons at any army installation,' said a Pentagon spokesman. But, at the Seneca Army Depot, a spokesman admitted that it has 'the capability to perform a nuclear mission' and that personnel are trained to handle nuclear material. The Pershings could easily be shipped from the depot's 7,000-foot airstrip, which can accommodate, the spokesman said, the largest aircraft in the US airforce.

'I've worked with nuclear weapons all my life,' a 10-year depot employee told a local reporter in a story about the women's camp. 'They don't bother me.' Thus, on their first day, the women have won a major public relations coup, establishing that nuclear weapons are at the Seneca Depot. □

WEST GERMANY

The heat is on

Tony Paterson on moves to crack down on peace protest

AS WEST GERMANY'S peace movement prepares a 'hot autumn' of protest against cruise and Pershing II missile deployment, the right wing of Chancellor Helmut Kohl's government is fashioning a new legal weapon that will greatly increase police powers of arrest during demonstrations.

The peace movement has planned a whole series of non-violent demonstrations and blockades of American bases where the new missiles will be installed at the end of the year, if no agreement is reached at the Geneva arms talks with the Soviet Union. Organisers say that they hope to mobilise as many as 500,000 people for the protests.

But for Kohl's right-wing Interior Minister Friedrich Zimmermann, 'the blockading of an American arsenal is already a violent act'. He fears that 'militant groups' will use the planned peaceful confrontations between police and demonstrators for 'violent actions' which could threaten West Germany's internal security.

In order to crush any violence as soon as it occurs, Zimmermann is planning a drastic change in the law governing demonstrations. If it is finally enacted, the changed law will empower police to arrest and charge not only demonstrators who commit acts of violence but also those in the immediate vicinity of any violent demonstration.

Under the proposed new law, those arrested – even when not involved themselves in an act of violence – would have to prove to a judge that they had actively tried to prevent violence at the scene to escape conviction. Merely being near a violent group of demonstrators would be enough to constitute a criminal offence.

The prospect of future mass arrests involving literally thousands of people has not only alarmed the opposition Social Democratic Party and the anti-nuclear Greens. It has also provoked considerable protest from lawyers' groups and even the police. President of the German Association of Lawyers, Hans-Jurgen Rabe, fears that, 'every time a window pane is broken at a demonstration, thousands of people will be shovelled into police buses and driven away'.

Similarly, police trades union president Günter Schröder thinks that 'We shall have to expect hundreds of nonsensical mass arrests . . . the police may even have to arrest as many as 10,000 people just to get at a few hundred rowdies'.

The background to the proposed change in the law against demonstrations is a power struggle within Kohl's ruling coalition government, made up of his own Christian Democrats, the right-wing Christian Social Union and the liberal Free Democrats.

The Free Democrats, who are anxious to show that they are pursuing liberal causes even from within a predominantly conservative government, have demanded a relaxation of the hastily introduced and restrictive *Kontaktsperrgesetz* – a law enacted at the end of the 1970s that forbids arrested terrorists access to lawyers.

The right-wing Christian Socialists have agreed in principle to the liberalisation of the *Kontaktsperrgesetz*, but in return they have demanded that the Free Democrats allow them to introduce the proposed change to the Demonstration Law.

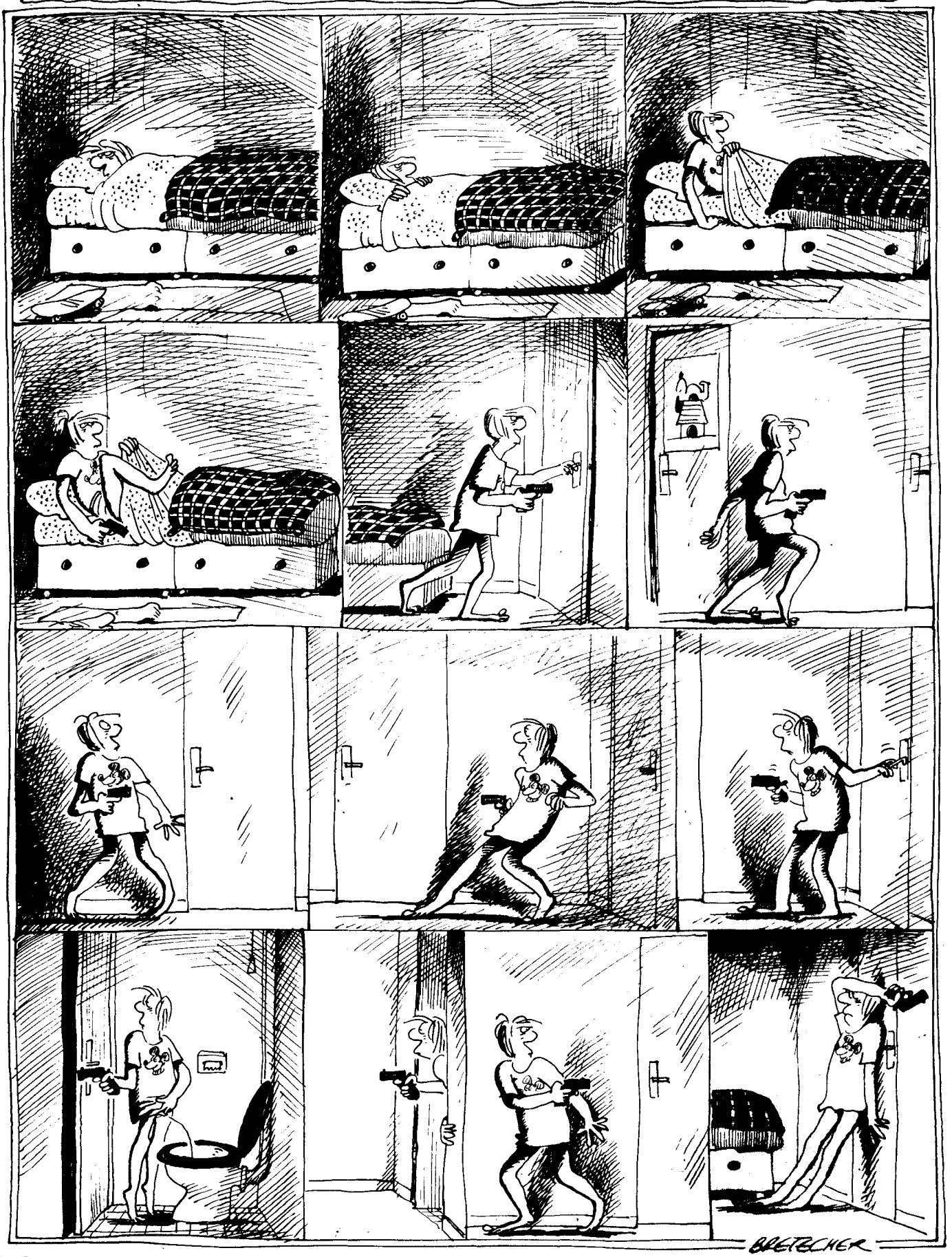
Ironically the Free Democrats in 1970 spearheaded a successful campaign to liberalise the then existing Demonstration Law on the grounds that it was too restrictive. If they finally agree to the currently proposed changes, they will be turning the clock back 13 years. Free Democrat MP Burkhardt-Hirsch said: 'Compromises are what coalitions are all about'.

Meanwhile, the planned deployment of cruise and Pershing II appears increasingly inevitable and there are fears within the peace movement that the non-violent protests this autumn may achieve nothing. If this is the case, one peace movement advocate of non-violence, Alfred Mechtesheimer, believes there may be a 'rapid strengthening' of the violent wing of the peace movement. The proposed change in the Demonstration Law has been dubbed 'the cudgel of the Kaiser's era' by the liberal weekly *Die Zeit*. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BRETECHER

FEAR IN THE CITY



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LETTERS

Peace and the election

David Andrews, London N2

So now we know! (Ann Holmes's letter *NS* 1 July). The election result wasn't anything to do with the Labour Party and its chronic inability to mount a united and coherent attack on a government with the worst record on unemployment this century. No, it was all the fault of CND for raising to the political agenda matters of so little import that they should have stayed at home and hidden under the stairs.

Ms Holmes may be interested to know that in Hornsey & Wood Green, Hugh Rossi attributed his reduced majority (in a redrawn constituency where his 1979 majority was expected to double) to the work of CND, which was extremely active on the doorstep.

Julian Bird, York

I feel that E. P. Thompson (*NS* 24 June) confuses at points the dynamics of conventional party politics with those of the peace movement. From this he concludes that the future of the peace movement is under a 'Ban Some Bombs' (ie, no cruise, no Trident) slogan.

An an ordinary peace activist I find one of our strongest motivators is our fundamentalism. Our stand is uncompromising and uncompromised. To move away from our demands of *no* nuclear weapons *now* could do nothing but lessen our fervour. If this is purist, then it is our purism that drives us to leaflet in the rain, to knock on doors, to be dragged out of the road, to be arrested, even to be imprisoned.

Of course, it was politically inept for the leaders of the Labour Party to pretend to such purity. Theirs is the dirty world of coalitions. Yes, they should have stood on a 'no cruise, no Trident' platform. (Anyway, even Labour CND people didn't believe that they would do any more, willingly.) But the peace movement is not an adjunct of the Labour Party.

Finally, I believe unilateralists are not merely multilateralists who mean it. Multilateral nuclear disarmament would make the world, in the short term, a safer place. While that is a very worthy aim, I believe that unilateral nuclear disarmament would have longer term effects. Unilateralism is, surely, about ordinary people making the (in our case) British State unconditionally withdraw from one of the major competitive power and profit games that lead to war.

Richard Gravil, Buckfastleigh, Devon

One understands Edward Thompson's anguish (*NS* 24 June) but not how he can fail to grasp the nettles which Barbara Castle (in an adjacent article) so precisely does. His attempt to blame Labour's defeat on everything but the Labour Party evokes more sympathy than respect.

He ought to recognise, for instance, that there are SDP candidates, too, who are outraged by the election result, and by the role of Labour's manifesto in discrediting the peace movement. What the peace movement had achieved was an electoral majority against Trident, marginally against cruise, and strongly pro-Freeze. The Labour Party, by calling for unilateral disarmament in its manifesto, and multilateral negotiations in its campaign – above all, by fatuous attempts to present the pledge to scrap Polaris and remove bases as a negotiating position – brought itself into deserved contempt.

In general, his position is more tenable by candlelight than in daylight. The Labour manifesto, in its major components – on defence, on Europe and on jobs – was incoherent and, as the campaign proved, indefensible. E. P. Thompson, of all people, ought to be able to recognise its shoddy inconsistencies.

By candlelight, incidentally, it may look as though David Owen was elected on a Tory tactical vote. In daylight it appears that the Tory vote diminished by just enough to account for his majority, in consequence of floating voters voting against a Tory landslide. The Labour candidate held barely two fifths of the 1979 vote: I do not back Dr Owen on Defence (in fact I moved an anti-cruise motion at the SDP January Council, which was defeated by about 300 votes to 80), but I can see why he could not be defeated in Devonport by a candidate whose party talks naïvely of cutting defence expenditure at the same time as going non-nuclear. Most dockyard families are solidly pro-Owen. More than this, all his canvassers had the same experience: of spending much of their time being told by electors of David Owen's record of service to his constituents. You do not defeat a damn good MP by reading the electorate moral lectures on issues that don't engage their interest. Had the Labour Party in Devonport spent some time listening, they would have seen defeat coming from the first days of canvassing.

It is because the Labour Party has equipped itself with cloth ears that Croslandite socialists such as myself will remain in the SDP and wait for reinforcements. If Labour's next conference is as vile-tempered and atavistic as the last, we won't have long to wait.

Robert Jones, Election Agent and Secretary, Isle of Wight Labour Party

E. P. Thompson (*NS* 24 June) has no need to 'assume' that CNDers on the Isle of Wight voted to keep 'the equivocating Mr Ross in Parliament': without violating the sacred trust of the declaration of secrecy, I can, I think, safely reveal that at least 1,000 CND votes – identified by the peace symbol which nearly, but unfortunately not quite, invalidated them – were cast for the Liberal candidate, some of them actually marked 'tactical vote'. If Professor Thompson had been eager for a different result, it's a pity he failed to make that clear on his pre-election visit to the Island.

Much of the blame, even most of it, for the Labour Party's electoral rout can be laid at the door of the Party itself; but the timidity and equivocation of CND and its ludicrous claim that it has substantial support in all parties was partly responsible for obscuring these vital issues – and, by allowing its supporters to believe that they could honourably vote for the SDP/Liberal Alliance, CND and its leaders must accept some of the responsibility for the election of the Tory government. Talk of a 'peace majority' in these circumstances is self-deluding nonsense – the sooner CND realises that, the better.

Longest-running Murdoch editor

Michael Leapman, London SW8

I believe you are mistaken in describing Frank Giles as the longest serving Murdoch editor in the world (Miscellany, 1 July). Roger Wood, once the youngest editor of the *Daily Express*, has edited Murdoch's *New York Post* since 1977 and, unless something nasty has happened to him while my back's been turned, he still has the job.

In my just-published *Barefaced Cheek: The Apotheosis of Rupert Murdoch*, I suggest that Wood's cheerful lack of the finer sensibilities makes him an ideal Murdoch editor. Andrew Neil would find it worth his while to travel to New York before he takes up his post at the *Sunday Times*, to take lessons in jungle survival from this acknowledged master.

Right and left of reply

Leslie Moody, London SE3

Geoffrey Robertson in his admirable analysis of the weaknesses of the Press Council (*NS* 1 July) remarks that 'A newspaper is not bound to publish an adverse adjudication'. Quite so.

In 1981, when I was general secretary of the Civil Service Union, a political weekly refused to publish a letter from me, defending certain of my members against what I thought were unsupported allegations of corruption that had appeared in the paper. My complaint to the Press Council was upheld but the paper refused to publish the adjudication. Nor would it publish a second adjudication, censuring it for failing to publish the first one, or a letter from me protesting over its suppression of everything that sought to correct the original article.

The offending newspaper was the *New Statesman*. Two of the reasons offered to me by the then editor for refusing to publish my original letter were that it was 'overlong' and that it criticised one of his journalists, two of the eleven 'loopholes' that Mr Robertson considers ought not to be available to editors. To round matters off, the then editor attacked me in the *NS* for airing the whole sorry business at the TUC but refrained from telling his readers what had generated the original complaint. They are ignorant of the details to this day.

There is little point in complaining, as Mr Robertson does, that the Press Council is a 'toothless watchdog' if journalists, let alone proprietors, are so markedly unwilling to give it teeth. Nor is it reasonable to hope that a re-dentured Press Council will sink its choppers into the right-wing press and leave the left-wing press alone. More money and a streamlined administration are all well and good but, at the end of the day, journalists will have to discipline themselves not to throw a tantrum every time somebody suggests even modest interference with their present nearly unfettered right to publish (or not publish) and be damned. The present body is, as Lord Butler might have said, the best Press Council we've got. It deserves more from the Left than purely dismissive criticism.

Wait, a terrible thought has struck me. Suppose the present editor refuses to publish *this* letter. Do I go to the Press Council again? Will he publish the adjudication if I do? The suspense is unbearable.

Unity Theatre

Colin Chambers, London N16

I am doing research for a contracted book on the history of Unity Theatre and would like to contact anyone who has been involved in its work in whatever capacity during its 40 or so years of existence. My address is 18 Statham Grove, London N16 9DP.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Socialism in the South

Dr Oonagh McDonald MP, House of Commons

Out of 172 constituencies in the South West, South East and East Anglia, excluding Greater London and Bristol, Labour won 2 (Ipswich and Thurrock), came second in 21 and third in 149. In 1974, out of 156 seats in this origin, Labour won 24 seats.) Worse still, Labour polled only 11 per cent of the vote, exactly half of the 22 per cent polled by the Alliance. That is a derisory vote. Not by any stretch of the imagination can that vote be called a victory for socialism.

But Labour ignores the South at its peril. These 172 constituencies constitute a third of the electorate (28.7 per cent to be precise). Winning only 11 per cent of a third of the electorate is a disaster. What went wrong?

The party has refused to recognise that the South has its problems too. Unemployment has hit the South as well. In any industrial travel-to-work area, including my own constituency, unemployment is above the national average. In the Medway towns, following the closure of the docks and the collapse of other industries, unemployment is expected to rise to 30 per cent. People in the South don't all live in thatched cottages set in rolling countryside. Many moved out to buy cheaper houses. Mortgages are expensive. The costs of travelling to work are prohibitive. It costs £870 for an annual season ticket from Grays (in Thurrock) to Fenchurch Street, almost double the cost in 1979. Health, education and housing are issues there too. We simply cannot and should not ignore the needs of hundreds of thousands of families living in the South on average and below average incomes.

Then the Labour Party in the South too often presents an extremist image. Too much time is spent on Gay Liberation, even to the extent of promoting homosexuality rather than urging its toleration. But that's not what young mothers at home want to hear about. They have more pressing problems than that. Party leaders talk about Ireland, but do not argue for the *Party*'s policy of uniting Ireland by consent, not violence. Local Labour parties are often out of touch. The so-called activists spend time arguing about socialist policies with each other instead of with the voters on their doorsteps and listening to the voters' response.

Like most candidates, I wished that the national campaign was not taking place during the election. In fact, I tried to ignore it as far as possible. It was without direction or development. Compared with all we now know about the packaging of Mrs Thatcher, and the Tory monitoring of opposition parties during the campaign, it was more amateurish than ever before. We did not respond to our opponents or find new methods of attack. We had no more ammunition left in the bag, as the Tories did. The whole organisation of the Party must be tightened up. Walworth Road must be made more efficient. We must never let our voters down by such an inept campaign in the future.

All of this goes a long way to explain why Thurrock is the only Labour seat in the South East. The Labour Party is not dead in the South or anywhere else. It *will* die unless the Party returns to the grass roots and reflects the real needs and aspirations of working people. Unless this happens soon, the South will remain a socialist desert.

To our readers

Please help us by keeping all letters to the editor as short as possible and in any case no longer than 250 words. We reserve the right to cut letters to save space. If you wish your letter to appear in full or not at all, indicate this when writing to us.

Monstrous regiment

M. Brenda Wilks, Doncaster, S. Yorks

I was shocked by the letter from S. T. Stukes (*NS* 1 July). His hostile and derisory attitude towards feminism would be more at home in the Tory gutter press than in the *New Statesman*.

Women's issues have as much right to be discussed as any other political and sociological issues, and should not be stifled in order to pander to bigoted male chauvinists.

Twinkle, twinkle

Sid Brown, Publicity Manager, Morning Star, *London EC1*

Sarah Benton is completely wrong when she writes (*NS* 24 June) that the *Morning Star* has published the programme for the previous festivals organised by the Communist Party.

The Party printed its own programme for sale for the two major festivals it has organised, The People's Jubilee (1977) and The People's Festival (1978).

In 1980 we published in the *Morning Star* the programme for the paper's own 50th anniversary event at Alexandra Palace. This was done for expediency as we went over the dam with copy dates for a printed programme.

For the Marx with Sparx festival we did in fact print the offical full-page programme. If Sarah had bothered to check she would have known this.

Lastly, for Sarah to imply that the success of the festival would depend on the *Morning Star* publishing the programme on the day is to belittle the efforts of the organisers who, in recent months, have made considerable efforts to publicise the event.

Sarah Benton writes: Sid Brown is right that in 1977 and 1978 the *Morning Star* did not publish the Communist Party's Festival programmes. However, in both years the relevant issue of the paper on the day was largely devoted to the Festival, carrying details of how to get there and the times and venues of many of the day's events. He is also right that this year the *Star* did carry the programme – but at the time I wrote the story, the *Star* had, as reported, demanded that the Communist Party pay (over £2,000, and in advance) for the space.

Too wee to be Great

Gavin Roberts, Glasgow

Anthony Barnett's appeal for the 'Great' to be taken out of Britain (*NS* 17 June) is timely and well argued.

His characterisation of the supporters of Britain's 'Greatness' is a neat parallel to that of Scottish unionist politicians, for whom the relative impoverishment of our living standards is the price they are willing to pay for the dubious privilege of being great by proxy.

The derogatory note struck by British statesmen (and women) is echoed in the attitudes of Scottish political leaders. 'Scotland', they preach, 'is too wee to support itself.' (We have 34 per cent of the landmass of Britain.) We would be 'cut off from the world', by which of course they mean that they would be cut off from participation in a British state with a world mission. It is patently not the judgment of realism, but a peculiar form of inverted chauvinism which drives them.

For too long the Labour Party in Scotland has wanted to have its cake and eat it, and the cake is getting mouldy. Sadly, Anthony Barnett also seems to want it both ways, for though his final appeal is as a socialist, he makes it as a British socialist. His call is for a 'different sort of national sovereignty' – a new variation of the British State? – where 'we . . . English, both white and black, Scots and Welsh . . . .' will live on this 'small island', no doubt in a climate of social peace, co-operation, progress and justice.

Implicitly couched in terms of British supranationalism, this remains an appeal to greatness; Britain is a good thing which both incorporates and transcends the nations which comprise it (there are white and black Scots and Welsh too, and we have our own variations of regions and creeds).

The determination to maintain a 'credible nuclear deterrent' and sending gunboats to the Malvinas last year would be clearly ridiculous in the context of England and English foreign policy. The idea of Scotland, or Wales, going to war with Argentina is frankly incredible, but then none of our nations have done these things – Britain is the culprit. It is Britain which sustains the delusions among Scottish and Welsh and many English people that their own nations are somehow not good enough. It distorts our perceptions of ourselves, our history and the world; its invocation is enough to convince many that what is done in the name of Britain must be in everyone's interest.

Taking the 'great' out of Britain is easier said than done, but it cannot be done at all by renaming the beast – it must be exorcised, and quickly before Iron Britannia finally devours all our children.

P.S: Is the fact that your 'This England' column appears just below Anthony Barnett's article just co-incidence? – can we take it as a good sign?

Geography lesson

Anthony Barnett, London WC2

I am very grateful to Dan van de Vat (Letters 24 June) for pointing out that 'Great Britain' originated as a geographical rather than imperialist expression. However the term's transition from one to the other seems to have gone via Scotland. One of the earliest, fully political uses of the formula occurs in 1604, in the proclamation that made the then King James VI of Scotland into James I King of Great Britain, France and Ireland. (Margaret Thatcher still has some way to go, it seems, before she 'gets our money back'.) A century later, the 1707 Act of Union stated: 'That the two Kingdoms of England and Scotland shall . . . be united into one kingdom by the name of Great Britain', according to the OED.

It would be most interesting to learn more of the term's provenance on the road from dull geography to illusion. In addition, I feel sure that the phrase about putting the 'Great' *back* into Britain also pre-dates the Falklands. Could any other reader assist?

WISDOM RELIGION

A restatement of the eternal truths behind all the world's religions is contained in theosophical literature. It is a comprehensive non-sectarian, non-dogmatic religious philosophy, incorporating knowledge of Nature's inner laws and processes. All serious religious scholars and aspirants should have some knowledge of at least its basic principles.

Write for information to:

The Blavatsky Trust (B)

P.O. Box 16, London W3 6HS

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Women at work

Jennifer Breen recommends some 20th-century women novelists who have not colluded with the idea that 'love' is all

A RED bluestocking who wrote about 'the workers', Katharine Susannah Prichard, although up till now neglected in the English-speaking world,[1] has always been well-known in translation to readers in Russia and other countries in the Eastern bloc. During the 'heady springtime of the 1917 Revolution' Prichard became a lifelong Marxist and in 1919 helped to found the Communist Party of Australia. She also wrote a few works of fiction that endure.

Prichard's inter-war novels, whatever else appears in them in the way of sex, love and personal relations, are at their most interesting when she writes about the interaction of her characters with paid work, trade unionism and politics. And the settings in which she places her characters are almost invariably based on her actual experiences with working or at least living in those settings.[2] In 1903 she became a governess for a year on a sheep station near the White Cliffs opal-fields 300 miles beyond Broken Hill. Later she stayed on the Lightning Ridge opal-fields for the further experience necessary to complete *The Black Opal* (1921), the first of her major novels. The miners' lust for opals is contrasted with their successful co-operation in fighting to retain their individual ownership of the mines against an American businessman who wants to take them over. Prichard has not allowed her own political assumptions to falsify the inner logic of her characters' position as the smallholder-owners of their mines.

In her next novel, *Working Bullocks* (1926), she sketches each phase of timber-cutting and hauling. But the book is more than a period piece. In Mark, one of her main characters, who is a Communist organiser, she projects her own masculine mask, so to speak, voicing the Marxist complaint against 'the social system' and trying to give direction to the putative 'power of the workers' in organising their own lives. But these political ideas are subsumed into the plot, so that when the timber-workers' strike – orchestrated by Mark – fails, he takes his gospel elsewhere. Prichard reveals character and place in the light of her beliefs rather than presenting a rigged message.

In order to obtain details for *Haxby's Circus* (1930), Prichard worked in a circus as assistant lion-tamer for three months. But the origins of this novel lay in her meeting years before with an injured circus artiste. The novel centres on Gina Haxby, daughter of the circus ringmaster-proprietor. Gina, who is disabled by an injury when performing as a bareback rider, declines into being the circus drudge; but later she fights back to become its manager-owner, and finally also its clown:

> She seemed happiest really when, in her clown's dress, made-up with plastered face and rouged mouth, she waddled into the ring and tumbled about, making herself grotesque and hideous, to get the brittle crashing merriment of the crowd that could hurt her no more.

Gina's 'emancipation' from both her injury and her domineering father can be seen perhaps as a metaphor for the progress of the 'liberated' woman, who pays a price for claiming equality with men in their circus of life.

Of these three important novels, *Haxby's Circus* is arguably the best, since in it Prichard is least prone to having her characters extol, like left-wing Edna Everages, the beauties of the Australian bush and Marxism, in that order. But what especially takes us back to all three novels today is Prichard's originality and individuality in her honest treatment of men *and women* at work. Prichard's once similarly neglected but now increasingly well-regarded contemporaries – Elizabeth Bowen, Rosamond Lehmann, and Barbara Pym – give the impression that almost the only significant aspect of women is their capacity 'to love'. Even in *The Last September* (1929), in which Bowen has engaged herself with the Irish 'troubles' of 1920, her focus is on upper-middle- or upper-class non-working females whose interests are presented mainly as amusing and servicing, at dances and tennis-parties, their British officer-lovers.

Kylie Tennant is another relatively unknown Australian novelist who describes, from a politically agnostic viewpoint, the world of work, politics and trade unionism during that same period. Tennant's novels, like Joyce Cary's, celebrate the possibilities for disaster or creativity that freedom gives to the individual woman or man, whatever his or her political creed. *Tiburon* (1935), for example, which is a kind of *Cranford* of the outback during the Thirties Depression,

Illustration by Susan Benson from the first edition of Nell Dunn's 'Up the Junction' – 'vivid inter-related stories', 'true to the cruel comedy of women's lives'.

centres on a strike:

> So the strikers had meetings, and their wives ran the two soup-kitchens for the travellers [unemployed itinerants] and the single men. . . . Almost as one woman they wanted the strike to go on, because they were away for once from the drudgery of the home, mixing with other women, without anyone to comment on unswept floors or undone washing.

Not much, but.

It is Christina Stead, though, in her early novel, *Seven Poor Men of Sydney* (1934), who presents through her character Baruch Mendelssohn, a definitive preview of the injustice complained of by feminists today:

> There are no women. . . . There are only dependent and exploited classes, of which women make one. The peculiarities are imposed on them to keep them in order. They are told from the cradle to the grave, You are a female and not altogether there, socially and politically: your brain is good but not too good, none of your race was ever a star, except in the theatre. And they believe it. We all believe these great social dogmas.

By concentrating this novel upon seven males of various revolutionary and unrevolutionary postures, in relation to a couple of ineffectual female revolutionaries around the fringes, Stead seems to be indirectly commenting upon the disproportionate lack of power exerted by women in the world of work and politics.

UNTIL RECENTLY, the political and economic aspects of women's employment in Britain seemed to have been broached most convincingly by the two outsiders, Doris Lessing and, in fact, Christina Stead. In *Cotter's England* (1966), Stead created a

[1] A public symposium to mark the centenary of Katharine Susannah Prichard's birth is scheduled for 2 December at the Australian Studies Centre in London. A seminar on Australian Literature and Culture is to be held at the Commonwealth Institute on 30 September-1 October.

[2] For an account of her life, see Ric Throssell, *The Life and Letters of Katharine Susannah Prichard*, Angus & Robertson, 1975.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

microcosm of British left-wing politics in which Nellie Cotter, a political journalist, indulges her bisexuality as well as her tongue:

> The social quack, Robert Peebles, me editor, blue-penciled half me article. What are ye doing, I asked him, tailoring reality closer to your theories? The air here is thick with theories; you want to get out into the fresh air of dockside: it's a long time since you were there.

Nellie is one of Stead's malevolent female 'stars', who develops a cynical man-parodying power.

Most of the few British women writers who, before 1970, tackled the subject of women's work outside the home, tended to keep to the personal element. Nell Dunn is one of the finest of these authors, but her books are now almost entirely neglected. One of Dunn's stories in *Up the Junction* (1963), for example, shows women at work in a chocolate factory:

> I call Ruby. 'Could you come over here a minute please?'
> 'Listen to that. We've got to take her in hand – teach her how to speak. You say, "Rube, fuck you, get over here, mate!" '

These vivid inter-related stories – so true to the cruel comedy of women's lives – are now out of print. Yet Bowen *et al.* have had a steady upgrading, even though they are in part reasserting the stock mirage in which a well-hung gentleman awaits us in the shade of the old gum-tree, instead of showing us the outback of sand and wind that on the whole represents most women's existence.

Much attention these days is paid to 'sexual stereotyping' in children's books. But we seem comparatively unaware that, often, British women writers such as Elizabeth Bowen and Barbara Pym explore only part of women's existence. A feminist told me recently that even though some women realize that they are politically and economically put upon by men, they continue to allow this because they value 'love' above all else. But what kind of 'love' is it that is based on a relationship of exploitation? Isn't it merely reproducing the kind of self-sacrificing sexuality that is presented implicitly and explicitly as the inevitable focus of women's lives in many of even the greatest 20th-century novels written by women themselves?

Women's contributions to the central literary tradition in Britain, with a few exceptions which must include Mrs Gaskell's 19th-century *North and South*, have been mainly concerned with the inwardness of 'love' and domestic life, and have seldom touched upon the outer world of economic and political life, whether in relation to woman's role as mother or not. The past exceptions, like Dunn's *Up the Junction*, should be brought to the fore by schools and universities, and their successors today should be given more prominence in the mainstream weeklies and literary journals. Otherwise, how will *all* our daughters get the imaginative stimulus they need in order to rise above the male domination of their up till now mostly limited world, so as to become 'stars' in their own right? □

NEWSPAPERS
Hugh Stephenson

A certain style

Barefaced Cheek
MICHAEL LEAPMAN *Hodder* £9.95

Sir Keith Murdoch must have been an extraordinarily domineering and unsympathetic father to judge by the stamp that he put on his son Rupert. Murdoch was only 21 when Murdoch senior died. If there is any simple answer to the question of what makes Rupert tick, Michael Leapman's study of the next three decades of his life makes it clear that his prime motive has been to prove to himself and to his mother that he is a better and a bigger journalist and businessman than his father ever was – for his father seems to have made no secret of the fact that he doubted whether young Rupert had got what it takes.

Leapman's book builds up from young Murdoch's first coups as a newspaper publisher in Australia to the climax of his getting the *Sunday Times* and *The Times* in 1981. Having been involved in the *Times* take-over, if only in a cameo role, I find the Leapman account of events accurate. It has much authentic detail about the path by which a man who three months earlier would have been instantly rejected as a wholly unsuitable owner for Times Newspapers by the board, the national directors, the editors and the staffs of both papers reached the position of being the only potential new owner who was seriously considered.

Not to put too fine a point on it, the terms of the sale were rigged by the Thomson Organisation so that Murdoch was the only bidder with a serious chance. Once the Thomson Organisation had accepted the logic of its crushing defeat at the hands of the print unions in 1979 and 1980 and decided to cut its losses by getting out of Fleet Street, the primary requirement seems to have been to get out as cleanly, quickly and cheaply as possible. (Incidentally, Leapman makes it quite clear that the decision in principle to cut and run was taken by mid-August 1980 because of continuing industrial disruption, which was preventing full production runs on the *Sunday Times* week after week, and the desperate budget projections for 1981, and was not provoked by a five-day journalists' strike at the end of August.)

But the time-table and method of the sale were unilaterally imposed by the Thomson Organisation in such a way as effectively to exclude anyone but Murdoch. The papers were to be sold together as a going concern (though strong arguments and both editors were in favour of them being sold separately) so as to eliminate the risk of the Thomson Organisation having to make substantial redundancy payments. There were numbers of serious bidders for each paper separately, but in effect only Murdoch and Associated Newspapers had the capacity to take on both together and the Thomson Organisation declined to treat seriously with Associated Newspapers.

Then everyone was given notice, with the threat that the papers would cease publication by mid-March 1981 if a sale had not been completed by then. This was done to pre-empt the otherwise obligatory reference of the proposed sale to the Monopolies Commission. An unhappy (and usually more straightforward) John Biffen was required as Trade Secretary to make a monkey of the law and solemnly declare that the monopoly reference would be waived because the survival of the titles was otherwise in danger. But the danger came only from a unilaterally imposed condition of sale. Barefaced cheek.

What Leapman makes wonderfully clear is that this has been the Murdoch style of doing business for three decades on three continents. His agility and his energy are phenomenal. The way in which all resistance collapsed when he gave written assurances about editorial freedom can only have reinforced his view that the establishment is a paper tiger. 'One got the feeling that even if we'd asked for a different set of assurances he'd have given them equally easily', a member of the vetting committee told Leapman. 'It wasn't too reassuring – very Australian.'

As it happens, the first draft of the final assurances had been produced by the journalists on *The Times*. There was only one that Murdoch refused point blank – that their views should at least be taken into account in the appointment of editors. But then Murdoch's healthy and attractive contempt for the establishment is equalled only by his contempt for editors and journalists. □

Laurence Lerner

Philosophy

I think, therefore I am –
Or think I am, because
Surely if I weren't
I could not think I was.

I am, and that I feel
Follows by intuition;
To feel (or feel we don't) –
That is the human condition.

I feel that I exist;
For if I didn't who
Could prove the feeling wrong:
Which must mean that I do.

To think, to feel, to be:
That is our triple doom.
Because we exist we think:
Cogito ergo sum.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FOOD
Bob Woffinden

Kill and cure

The British at Table 1940-1980
CHRISTOPHER DRIVER *Chatto* £8.95

> The frankfurter had a rubber skin, of course. I had to do a kind of sawing movement before I could get my teeth through it. And then suddenly – pop! The thing burst in my mouth like a rotten pear. A sort of horrible soft stuff was oozing all over my tongue. But the taste! For a moment I just couldn't believe it. It was *fish!*
>
> That's the way we're going nowadays. *Everything made out of something else.* Bombs of filth bursting inside your mouth.

The increasingly unnatural character of what we eat has frequently served as convenient literary symbolism for all the unpalatable aspects of post-war civilisation. Our lives, like our food, seem subject to multinational corporate whim. What's remarkable about the passage quoted above – from George Orwell's *Coming up for Air* – is that it was actually written in 1939, before the outbreak of the Second World War.

In fact, war benefited the national diet considerably. It delayed the popularisation of instant coffee, and the immediate exploitation of Clarence Birdseye's work in freezer food technology, as well as the debasement of overall standards of which those two particular developments may or may not have been harbingers. The nation that had been so inequitably fed a decade earlier (vivid testimony to which was provided again by Orwell, notably in *The Road to Wigan Pier*) was well nourished during the war – the dried egg, lack of fresh fruit and rationing notwithstanding. Driver points out that in 1940 the Ministry of Food was far better prepared for war than the Ministry of Defence.

The post-war Labour government experienced problems; bread rationing, which had been avoided during two world wars, was introduced in 1946. By the close of the decade, however, there was light at the end of the austerity tunnel, and Raymond Postgate and Elizabeth David emerged to change the emphasis from eating as an essential, joyless activity to eating as a pleasure; from food as fodder to food as sensory stimulation. Elizabeth David published *A Book of Mediterranean Food* in 1950; Raymond Postgate established the *Good Food Guide,* to search out and encourage oases of excellence in the public catering wilderness, in 1951.

In the years since British dietary habits have been pulled in two opposite directions. The changes in the retail business, with the growth of supermarkets which, paradoxically, restricted choice; the arrival of the powerful new advertising medium of commercial television; and the increase in disposable income: these factors combined to exercise a baleful influence. Convenience foods arrived. Driver quotes US research to show that 'not only do convenience foods taste worse than other kinds and yield numerous unpleasant wastes and pollutions for which someone other than the producer and profit-taker has to pay, but half the time they are not even convenient'.

Positive developments included increasing consumer awareness, and the emergence in Britain of a number of immigrant cuisines readily assimilated by a host community in which a sense of culinary inferiority had long been apparent. The *Good Food Guide* – Driver succeeded Postgate as editor in 1969 – was the first to consider Indian and Chinese restaurants as worthy of investigation and, in several instances, of approbation.

The British at Table provides analyses of both historical and contemporary aspects of British consumption. But Driver does not attempt to disguise the fact that it is virtually an encomium to middle-class values or at least to values which the working classes have, by and large, abandoned and the middle classes have assumed.

If the book simply illustrates how the middle classes are becoming even better nourished, is it of any concern to the rest of us? Of course it is (and Driver quotes former *NS* columnist Hannah Wright to make his case for him): because we are what we eat, or our health is; because food can be a source of great pleasure, and sensory deprivation is ultimately as significant as material deprivation; and because it's an important aspect of the struggle to control our own lives. As a work on the dialectics of diet, *The British at Table* is excellent, and Driver writes with authority, great sense of purpose and not a little wit.

There are, however, implications of his subject he doesn't deal with, nettles he doesn't grasp. A central problem, obviously, is this very embourgeoisement of 'real' food. One of the restaurants to which Driver enthusiastically directs the reader – George Perry-Smith's Riverside at Helford, Cornwall – costs (or so the *Sunday Times* has lately informed us) £22 per head. However willing the flesh, most of us can't afford to put that sort of money where our mouths are. If we could, we might baulk at spending that amount on a single meal; even the nearer shores of Epicureanism are seldom contemplated with an easy conscience. (This is slightly unfair on Driver, whose *Good Food Guides* championed the cause of many modestly-priced restaurants, while roasting a few reputations among the over-priced.)

Home cooking, then? 'The best cooking in Britain has always been domestic', affirms Driver. But this has become a Chinese puzzle – how can the cook vouch for the purity of the food? Driver admits that food research has regularly kept two steps ahead of both health and safety legislation, and of consumer protection. There are 2,500 permitted chemicals available to the food industry, and that's not counting such extraneous chemicals as agribusiness uses for crop-spraying.

'To obtain good bacon, it is once again necessary to kill and cure your own pig.' Is that all? As I'd understood it, it is also necessary to *feed* your own pig, since the reason why pork etc. no longer tastes as it formerly did is that today's swine are fed not on nourishing pigswill, but on fishmeal. In such circumstances, it's not surprising that so many disdain the effort.

Overall, the outlook is more bleak than Driver concedes. Orwell's fraudulent frankfurter was merely an early link in an ever-lengthening chain. In this age of mass-everything, domestic kitchen craft, like all folk art, is destined either to become ever further divorced from its natural state, or to die out altogether. Another victory for the technocrats, no doubt. Driver's book will at least encourage us to continue the fight as long as possible. □

CIVIL WAR · ISRAELI INVASION · BEIRUT MASSACRE
US EMBASSY BOMBED · LEBANON FUTURE IN BALANCE

How many times will dust settle over Beirut?

JUST PUBLISHED

David Gilmour shows why the tragedy of Lebanon today has roots deep in the past, yet branches out to threaten world peace.

£9.95 230 pages, including 12 pages of plates

LEBANON
THE FRACTURED COUNTRY
David Gilmour

Martin Robertson · Oxford

Among this week's contributors:

LAURENCE LERNER's more recent collections of poems include *A.R.T.H.U.R.: The Life and Opinions of a Digital Computer* and *The Man I Killed.*

HARRIETT GILBERT's latest novel *The Riding Mistress* was published recently by Constable.

HUGO WILLIAMS is on holiday. The television column will be back next week, written by Mary Harron.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Mapmakers: Writing in a State of Siege
ANDRE BRINK *Faber* £3.95

Mapmakers is a collection of essays whose central theme is 'the function and responsibility of the writer in society, notably in a state of cultural or moral siege'. As a South African novelist dedicated to the non-violent overthrow of his homeland's entire machinery of repression, André Brink – an Afrikaner who has rejected his ultra-conservative upbringing – possesses the kind of inherent authority more associated with East European dissidents than with his British counterparts, whose brushes with Them are less likely to involve censorship or sedition than unpaid rates. In countries like South Africa, and unlike Britain, committed writing assumes 'the weight of significant action': it is not a substitute or an evasion.

Brink is especially interesting on the significance – stressed in a number of essays – of cultural politics in South African history. Before the Afrikaner-controlled National Party gained power in 1948, and for some time afterwards, the country's culture was predominantly English, and English, rather than Afrikaans, the dominant language.

The cultural insecurity experienced by Afrikaners as a result created an enduring *'laager* mentality' that – in its obsession with safeguarding a united Afrikanerdom against all social and moral threats – has decisively shaped modern South Africa. Indeed, so highly prized was the appearance of Afrikaner unity that the Nationalist government long treated Afrikaans writers more leniently than their English compeers: no book in the language was banned until Brink's own *Kennis van die Aand* – later rewritten in English as *Looking on Darkness* – in 1974.

As a political essayist, Brink is no Orwell: his style is rather undistinguished and long-winded. Nevertheless, *Mapmakers* is a useful supplement to his novels and a valuable document in itself. It is also a record of hope defeated, if not destroyed. The essays, arranged chronologically, cover 1967-1982. Despite constant disappointment, Brink's belief in the possibility of bloodless reform persists throughout. Until, that is, the final piece. There, pessimism reigns, tempered only by the reflection that 'the situation is not yet *entirely* negative'.

David Montrose

Brighton on the Rocks: Monetarism and the Local State
Queens Spark Rates Book Group, 13 West Drive, Brighton BN2 2DG £3.95 +45p postage

Contrary to Conservative rhetoric about rolling back the state, central government grows stronger all the while and, juggernaut-like, rolls over the millions of people who unhappily fall in its path. Opposition has been fiercest at local level in cuts campaigns, in hospital occupations and the many struggles for alternative forms of provision, whether child-care, co-operative production or some other kind of politics based on need. What hope there is for a revived socialist politics can only come out of these local, or sectoral, initiatives.

Brighton on the Rocks is an exemplary account of how monetarist economics at a local level destroys popular and communal resources, whether old people's homes, swimming pools, nursery schools or public transport, in order to enhance the private sector, which in Brighton means a luxury yachting marina and a wholly commercialised seafront. For the full glories of capitalism's excesses to be admired, everything else has to be levelled.

Yet this is no abstract analysis, putting down a monotonous 500 words a page of *prêt-à-porter* socialist invective against the complexities of the real, lived experiences of division and economic dislocation. It is attractively produced and profusely illustrated with photographs, photographic collages, data tables and quotations. But, most importantly, it is the voices of the people who understand monetarism experientially – public sector workers, parents, young people – who are given the major say. A book like *Brighton on the Rocks* shows the way of reformulating popular opposition to monetarism, and deserves to become a model and a handbook for local politics everywhere.

Ken Worpole

Autobiography
HARRIET MARTINEAU
Virago 2 vols £4.95 each

Easy to imagine Miss Martineau's scorn for the impertinence of any claim to review in a mere few hundred words her 1,000 pages of reflection. Supporting herself by free-lance writing, her earliest major achievement a well received series on political economy begun in 1832, she 'did not very highly respect reviews' even in more expansive times.

Call this then simply a brief notice of the detailed recollections which she set down as a duty when, at the age of 53, she thought herself – mistakenly – to be dying. Her emphasis is not on life as happenings (though her growth from unhappy child through poor, prospectless young woman to internationally known author and campaigner was, you might say, satisfactory) but on life as an intellectual progress. Her trip to America is important mainly in terms of her changing attitude to the Abolitionist cause. Her literary and consequent social success lead to acid ruminations on 'literary lionism'. Gradually she sloughs off her received Unitarian faith, and the big adventure of her middle years is not her voyage to Egypt but her new conviction of the positive benefits of a rational, non-religious life.

Deeply reticent about her feelings and her more difficult relationships (though these are maddeningly hinted at), dauntingly self-disciplined, earnest in many causes, sure of her own value, yet afflicted with deafness and a more telling non-specific invalidism, unusually independent but still of her times, she is worth getting to know even if this does demand leisure. Editorial elucidation would have been welcome at some points but it is obvious why notes were not added to a work already so substantial.

Undoubtedly successful – read, responded to, consulted by politicians – Harriet Martineau does not much sympathise with those who do not share her self-control. Mary Wollstonecraft is a 'poor victim of passion' and, what is more, one of those women whose advocacy of women's rights serves the cause ill. Such comment on her contemporaries, biased though it may be (Dickens, too, earns a few lines of dismissal), re-animates for us the waxworks of 150 years ago. The coronation of Queen Victoria ceases to be a date in a textbook and becomes again an extremely fatiguing occasion at which Miss Martineau leans against a pillar to eat her sandwiches and decides that, on balance, the pageantry persuades her only of the unreality of royalty.

Gillian Wilce

Dr Richard Bright 1789-1858
PAMELA BRIGHT *Bodley Head* £12.95

We've all met counterparts of Dr Richard Bright. They used to sit, as students, taking it all effortlessly aboard in the front row, while we plodded along faint but pursuing in the back.

The child of affluent and affectionate parents, he studied at Edinburgh – where else in 1808? – under Playfair and Dugald Stewart and in London under Astley Cooper. With Addison and Hodgkin he was one of that great triumvirate at Guy's who appreciated that the study of the dead, then a commodity in plentiful supply, was as rewarding as that of the living. Together they wrenched medicine away from bedside guessing games towards the evaluation of pathological processes, one of which, then common now rather less so, Bright made peculiarly his own.

When not going about doing good among the poor of the Borough or conducting his researches, he attended everyone who was anyone at a time when anyone included Hazlitt, Tennyson and Dickens. Certainly no one could be said to have lived in vain who has had to leave Holland House by the back door to avoid ad hoc consultations at the front with his host or Sidney Smith.

Biographies of doctors, particularly when written by relatives, do so tend to be a branch of light fiction. It is the considerable achievement of Bright's great-great-niece not only to have expounded his discoveries but to have explained what it was about him that 'got his patients better' at a time when other therapeutic resources were notable by their absence.

Bruce Hepburn

THE COMING OF THE SPANISH CIVIL WAR
Reform, reaction and revolution in the Second Republic

Paul Preston

The coming of a Republic in 1931 was seen by many as an opportunity to reform the country's antiquated social structure. Paul Preston's important study examines the part played by the Socialist party in mounting the reformist challenge, and the resistance it encountered from the landed and industrial oligarchies culminating in the Civil War and Franco's regime. Many of the issues discussed are as pertinent today, with the Socialists back in power, as in the 1930's.

288 pages
Paperback 0 416 35720 2 £5.95

METHUEN
11 New Fetter Lane,
London EC4P 4EE

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PAPERBACKS
Alan Brien

Cocktails

THE FIFTH series of **Writers at Work** (Penguin, £2.95) is another fat, cheap, meaty hunk of egg-head gossip about literary folk, crispy at the edges, succulent in the centre, like the sort of pork pie they don't make any more: the perfect nibble for a holiday picnic.

The recipe is odd, and slightly perverse – 'the rewritten interview'. It is at once a portrait and a self-portrait, the taped transcripts being sent to the subject who then is free to censor or expand or even totally transform what was said. Sometimes, these have been kept for months, or even years, before being returned, which may account for some of the 15 included here dating as far back as 1974, though the collection was first published in hardback in 1981. Quite a few of the authors are now dead – Wodehouse, Cheever, Neruda, Henry Green (claimed to be his only known interview) – but the text still contains verbatim mis-hearings, confusions, mistakes, and bursts of twice-chewed malice, as if hot from their lips.

For readers this side of the Atlantic, one of the most peppery arias erupts from James Dickey, a relatively little known poet here whose novel *Deliverance* and screenplay for John Boorman's film version, made him internationally famous. Dickey lays about him like a heavy-weight champ fighting off midget muggers, especially effete Limeys.

Philip Larkin? 'Writes self-effacing poems about how much he hates his record collection . . . his characters are always coming across each other in museums.' Ted Hughes? 'Has a kind of ersatz violence that's equally easy to do . . . gives you the effect of a weight-lifter who can't get the weight up.' Sylvia Plath? 'She's someone who killed herself out of literary desperation – out of desperation to be literarily notable . . . The Judy Garland of American poetry.'

In his turn at the publisher's cocktail party, Pablo Neruda reveals himself as a great buff of the detective thriller in the United States, hailing its practitioners as 'perhaps the most severe critics of the crumbling North American capitalist society . . . the fatigue and corruption of the politicians and the police, the influence of money in the big cities, the corruption which pops up in all parts of "The American way of life".' He would have a problem sustaining his case from British detective thrillers, almost all of which are still veined with snobbery, sexism, conventional values and conservative instincts.

Go back only a generation to Chief Inspector Van der Valk, a blurred carbon of Maigret, in **The Nicolas Freeling Omnibus** (Penguin, £3.95). Published in 1963, its attitudes are those of 1933 or even 1903, especially towards women. I had read all three novels before but this time I packed up at page 58 of the first, *Because of the Cats*, where Van der Valk, investigating an outbreak of vandalism and sexual assault mounted by the tarnished young things of Sixties Holland, interrogates the mother of one of them. 'Her skirt was too thin and too tight. Her eyelashes were too black and her breasts were too pointed . . . a restless, unsatisfied woman who really needed to be raped by three drunken sailors.'

But perhaps this is unfair to 'Sapper', Dornford Yates, Edgar Wallace and John Buchan, each of whom re-surfaces this month in the 'Classic Thrillers' series (Everyman, £2.50). Despite the off-hand anti-Semitism, the obsession with Communist plots, the un-thinking assumption that upper-class tastes and manners are planted by nature in all decent, right-thinking people, women at least are still a protected species, and the villain who kisses Drummond's Phyllis by force must be executed with the bare hands.

Bulldog Drummond, written in 1920, is the crudest, most simple-minded of the quartet, yet not without its own schoolboy excitements. There is even a curious pleasure to the modern leftist in turning this adventure story into a sort of anti-novel where you are frequently on the side of the villain, the many-faced Carl Peterson, who has gathered together a conspiracy of tycoons to subsidise a revolutionary take-over of Britain. And I was quite taken by his 'daughter', Irma, clearly a promiscuous hussy even if she never does anything more sensually decadent than lying on a sofa all day, smoking and reading – French fiction.

Edgar Wallace's collection of short stories, **The Mind of Mr Reeder,** introduces a mild-mannered sleuth, middle-aged, soft-spoken, apparently naive, a kind of secular Father Brown. Unlike most of his fellow thriller writers, Wallace, a former Fleet Street reporter, encourages his sceptical investigator to look for and find criminals everywhere, even among clergymen, judges and, rarest of all, bent policemen.

Dornford Yates, as Tom Sharpe points out in his introduction to **Blind Corner,** was just about as nasty, mean and violent a clubman thug as Mosley might have recruited. His hero has just been sent down from Varsity for 'using some avowed communists as many thought they deserved'. Like Drummond, he respects law and order only when it is on his side. But by paragraph three, we are already into the plot and from then on the roller-coaster ride rarely allows us time to think, let alone disapprove.

Buchan's **Castle Gay** is up-market from the others, written with far more style and subtlety, and a true novelist's eye for detail. But it shares with them a powerful narrative drive adding several surprise twists of political comment, including his half-admiring picture of the Scottish Communist, 'when he is not a Pole or an Irishman', as heir to the old Caledonian Radicals and Covenanters – 'He is honesty incarnate, but his mind lacks flexibility.' □

FICTION
Harriett Gilbert

Fingering

Granta 8: Dirty Realism
ed. BILL BUFORD *Granta/Penguin* £3.50
A Nail on the Head
CLARE BOYLAN *Hamish Hamilton* £7.95
Author from a Savage People
BETTE PESETSKY *Bodley Head* £7.95

When children in the country, one regular treat was the visit of the ice-cream van. To my mother's grief, we could distinguish its horn from that of the butcher, the baker, the fishmonger, no matter how many fields away we happened to be when it sounded. The excitement of our yells was exceeded only by our confidence that there would be *something* to enjoy. Much the same effect is beginning to be felt with each new edition of *Granta* – especially since co-publication with Penguin has made it so much more accessible.

Granta 8: Dirty Realism features a collection of short stories purporting to represent a 'new fiction' from America. While disliking the eager creation of 'schools', I have to admit that these seven examples do have a powerful homogeny, not least in the degree of self-effacing skill with which each one has been constructed. They appear to be desultory fragments of life in Montana; West Virginia; Wyoming (the United States of folk song, rather than literature), with characters who are going nowhere and plots doing pretty much the same. As Jayne Anne Phillips writes in 'Rayme – a Memoir of the Seventies':

> I lived in a house on Price Street with three male housemates . . . This story could be about any one of those people, but it is about Rayme and comes to no conclusions.

Elsewhere (in Richard Ford's 'Rock Springs'), a man drives a stolen car towards Florida; the car breaks down; his woman leaves him; that's that. Or (in Elizabeth Tallent's 'Why I Love Country Music') a woman goes dancing with a miner called Nod; they fuck; the miner leaves for Texas. This realism's 'dirtiness' has little to do with decadence or ripe, organic decay. It is closer to the sadness of yesterday's rubbish being blown down an empty street.

But it also contains an element that synopsis cannot convey – a terrible edge of violence, a violence that slowly runs its thumb down the blade of each hard, tight sentence. It is this that gives it its troubling quality: this feeling of an anger so entire that it can be expressed only by omission, by keeping the voice on the steadiest of levels and speaking of nothing, but absolutely nothing, that might be construed as emotion.

Sandwiching this disturbing collection are a half-dozen unrelated, yet equally impressive contributions – of which I shall single

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

out the harrowing account, by poet Carolyn Forché, of the brutalisation of El Salvador, and Angela Carter's typically rich and relaxed tribute to her father.

The stories of Clare Boylan, as collected in **A Nail in the Head,** start off a good deal perkier than those in *Granta 8*. For a while, indeed, they seem nothing more than stylish sexual comedies, with a sometimes excessive passion for the clever-clever simile.

An attractive young journalist condescends to have sex with the ageing author whom she is supposed to be interviewing. The author, startled but courteous, does his best to provide an erection, but is confused by her all-over tan, her incessant conversation, her assertiveness.

> 'Here's to greatness,' she said. She put her wine-filled tongue into his mouth. The thrust of it was like a pickle . . . Her fingers commenced some very efficient routine that reminded him, with a nostalgic pang, of the bursts of energy he used to take out on his typewriter very late at night.

But Boylan's subject is not the absurdity of sexual intercourse *per se* – the social and physical clumsiness on which it so frequently trips into bathos – but the farcical/tragic/murderous moment when sexual *fantasies* collide. And, as the stories accumulate, the collisions grow more extravagant. Inspired by the *Compleat Angler*, a young man turns his wife into a fish, himself into a fisherman. A couple enter a deserted house, to get trapped for ever in the nursery . . . Not just the humour, but the dangerous frustration of misunderstood sexuality, is drawn with a fiercely imaginative, original and accurate hand.

Bette Pesetsky's **Author from a Savage People** is an ingenious investigation of the power struggle between writer and reader for the ultimate meaning of a text – well-worn modernist territory, it's true, but here explored alongside the more traditional, fictional concerns of human psychology and personal crisis; while, at the same time, slamming home a powerful feminist critique. Not bad going for one fairly slender volume.

May Alto supports three children, and one ex-husband, by ghost-writing. One day, she learns that a client called Quayle has been given the Nobel Prize – for a book called *Eine Leerstelle* which, of course, she wrote. This is not to say that she merely expanded some notes that Quayle had given her. No, May has written her whole life – the story of her mad, revolutionary mother, of her aunt Giselle, of her uncle Trasker – into every work that she has touched. Quayle himself has done nothing more than sign his name, his authority, to the product. What can May do to claim her deserts but attempt a spot of blackmail?

Pesetsky's text relies too much on obscurantism. The irony of Quayle's prize-winning book being called, in translation, 'Vacant Space' (or, possibly, 'Empty Authority') is lost on those of us who neither speak German nor have access to a German dictionary. But, complexity for complexity's sake aside, this is a fine and funny novel, as passionate as it is clever. □

JAZZ

Charles Fox

Sleight-of-hand

Bracknell Jazz Festival *South Hill Park*

Puritanism of a very special kind used to flourish in British jazz circles. It was marked by a distrust of virtuosity and a belief that emotional content nestled inside a solo like a kernel within a nut. Alongside it sometimes went the notion that the earliest jazz was a species of proletarian craft: 'Nobody who's not worked with his hands can really play New Orleans music' was the dictum of one of the hard-liners of 40-odd years ago. It was, perhaps, understandable within a music separated by only a few decades from its folk roots, where authenticity had always mattered much more than originality. Values began to shift when jazz hitched on to the entertainment industry, and shifted again once the musicians began regarding it as an art form.

Zealots of former times who confused virtuosity with showing off, plumping for Art Hodes rather than Art Tatum, are thinner on the ground nowadays. Most of the punters at Bracknell last weekend probably accepted that a concern with technique helps to squeeze the imagination. And virtuosity was strongly represented at this year's Festival, particularly in the 19-piece international orchestra (one American, one Finn, four West Germans, an East German and a Pole, plus the cream of the local crop) assembled by Graham Collier to perform his composition, *Hoarded Dreams*. The result was 70 minutes of dazzling solos and exchanges, what really could be described as musical fireworks.

Imposing his own personality upon proceedings of that sort is the aim of the successful jazz composer, the way an Ellington, a Mingus or a Gil Evans goes about things. That Collier never consistently achieved that state of affairs was only partly due to the problems of finding an orchestral vocabulary to encompass the diversity of styles and stances. There was also the unselfishness involved in encouraging his sidemen to upstage him. His score, in fact, was very much a launching pad for improvising skills.

One after another such luminaries as the trombonists Eje Thelin, Malcolm Griffiths and Conrad Bauer, the baritone saxophonist John Surman, and trumpeters Manfred Schoof, Ted Curson, Henry Lowther, Kenny Wheeler and Tomasz Stanko stepped out front and blew their own music. And despite the prevailing up-to-dateness, it was pleasing, in a duet by Thelin and Griffiths, to hear the latter echoing the sometimes anguished, sometimes savage wa-wa of Tricky Sam Nanton, Ellington's right-hand man of long ago, but expanding beyond the single octave that Nanton always stuck to.

ECM Records

Subject of contention: Jan Garbarek

A more recent dip into the jazz past should have been an appearance by the alto saxophonist Jackie McLean, a man with his roots in bebop. That was foiled by illness. But the four other musicians, led by the vibraharp player Bobby Hutcherson, coped expertly, presenting a fairly straightforward set of one blues, one bebop war-horse and three ballads. Hutcherson chose to swing rather than create atmosphere; the Catalan pianist, Tete Montoliu, decorated themes with a steely brilliance. The star of the group, though, was Billy Higgins, whose reputation was originally built upon working with Ornette Coleman, yet who has a stunning command of rudiments. Meticulous press-rolls (notably in 'Salt peanuts') contrasted with the sensitive brush-work in 'Invitation'. (What a pity that drummers who have grown up since the arrival of rock rarely seem to lay down their sticks.)

A minor delight at Bracknell is the chance to bicker with friends and rivals. This year the contention revolved around the quartet led by Jan Garbarek, a Norwegian saxophonist who combines a nimble technique with a sound which strikes some as pretty but others, including your reviewer, as passionate (George Russell always picked Garbarek for his European sessions, an accolade in itself). The quartet contained two newcomers on guitar and drums, but also the German bassist Eberhard Weber (his attenuated electric instrument resembles a piece of Shaker furniture). One of Weber's compositions, 'Last stage of a long journey', allowed Garbarek, playing a curved soprano

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

saxophone, rather like a shiny meerschaum pipe, to keen and to curvet like a *saeta* singer in Seville's Holy Day procession.

Music that is overheard accidentally can surprise in a way that never happens when the critic sits agog. So it was when, halfway through a salami roll, I recognised in the distance Don Ellis's quite complicated piece 'Indian lady', but performed with surprising aplomb by the Berkshire Youth Jazz Orchestra (an agile trumpet solo turned out to be the work of Steve Waterman, another virtuoso in the making). Eight hours later, sipping at a pint of Wethered's bitter, your reviewer suddenly heard what sounded like a New Orleans dirge. It was being played by Lol Coxhill, distinguished both as a soprano saxophonist and as the Festival's erratic and sardonic compere. After segueing into 'Just a closer walk with thee', Coxhill forsook tunes for a bout of fairly drastic free improvising with a guitarist and drummer.

It was, in fact, an example of how not to plan a programme. Coxhill's trio, The Recedents, followed a high-spirited foray into African rituals by Ekome, a music and dance company based in the St Paul's district of Bristol. Ghanaian drummers and both Jamaican and Bristol-born black dancers set up a convivial atmosphere, but also demonstrated the problems of turning functional routines into a theatrical event. Before that Machito's salsa band made far too brief an appearance, mixing adequate if unmemorable jazz solos with the flair and surge of Afro-Cuban themes and rhythms. Rounding off the evening was the scholarly-sounding Oregon, four skilful musicians (Ralph Towner is certainly one of the finest guitarists around) pursuing eclecticism as remorselessly as one of those all-purpose folk singers. As a climax it lacked what the Spanish call *cojones*.

Some of the best music, of course, surfaced in the recesses of the main building rather than within the marquee. Sunday afternoon's parade of soloists in the Recital Room included two completely unaccompanied performances: Conrad Bauer, a trombonist of infinite resource, sometimes shaped additional notes in his throat, while the Polish trumpeter, Tomasz Stanko, stung the ears with his brassy sound, curiously formal and yet impetuous, like an avant-garde Roy Eldridge.

Also on hand in the Recital Room was the partnership of John Surman, playing bass clarinet and piano as well as both his principal saxophones, and the Norwegian singer Karin Krog. They also revealed the benign face of technology, for in addition to singing and playing conventionally they filtered some sounds through echoplexes or ring modulators, warping and elongating, speeding up and slowing down, duetting with themselves. Which reads rather like the worst fulfillment of Huxley's *Brave New World*, yet turned out in reality to be as sensible and good-humoured as it was subtle, a stunning example of the newest kind of jazz virtuosity. □

ECM Records

Surman and Krog: new kind of virtuosity

DANCE
Stephanie Jordan

Short-fall

JUDGING by the number of local benefactors and businesses who sponsor Houston Ballet, and the many Houstonians who flew over to cheer on their dancers at Sadler's Wells, the oil-rich city must be ballet-mad and gloating over its own company. But, if enthusiasm has been engendered, creative talent has not. The company, under choreographer Ben Stevenson (ex-Royal and London Festival Ballets) is described by critic Arlene Croce as a reactionary outpost of British ballet.

Stevenson opened with **Peer Gynt,** his full-length version of Ibsen, a jolly good story, the play's incidents taken in detail, with much made of the picturesque possibilities: the wedding-party, the Trolls, the Pyramids, the shipwreck. The characters, however, remain indistinct, expression blunted; any notion of Peer as a reckless but heroic dreamer finally redeemed by patient Solveig's love seems to have escaped Stevenson. Here danced gamely by ex-London Festival Ballet's Kenneth McCombie, Peer is just a callous fool with a penchant for sudden enthusiastic bouts of bombast, tearaway leaping and twirling. He has two invented involvements, with an American lady flapping a parasol and a lovesick loonie in the madhouse.

The rest includes crowded ensemble-work, some daft high jinks atop a table at Ingrid's wedding, wrestling *pas de deux,* graceless pointe-work, and terminally anorexic choreographic invention. Worst of all is the crypto-Rose Adagio for Anitra (Suzanne Longley), a clumsy, muscular temptress twizzled by fey eunuchs (according to an old lady on the 19 bus after the performance, she wouldn't have seduced a camel – we had a couple of them on stage too).

Janie Parker as Solveig shows superior quality even here. Other dancers, and Stevenson too, do themselves more credit in shorter works, as they habitually do, soaking up prizes, for instance, at Bulgaria's celebrated International Ballet Competition.

Stevenson's **Four Last Songs,** to Richard Strauss's settings of poems by Eichendorff and Hesse, milks the wonderfully boneless score for all its valedictory worth, with a white, tent-like decor finally descending to obliterate the eight performers. The comment is studied but competent, as is the duet to three **Preludes** by Rachmaninoff (the first treated to copious manipulations along, over and under a practice barre) – and rather more so than the razmatazz, tinsel-dressed *pas de deux* to music from Britten's **Prince of the Pagodas** or the sub-*Class/Troy Game* all-male tribute to Liza Minnelli entitled **'L',** to Don Lawson's upstage drums and saccharine vibraphone.

But beyond redemption is **Zheng Ban Qiao.** As this 18th-century Chinese artist, Houston star Li Cunxin muses over a painting, dreaming up a scarf-waving Moon Maiden and some bamboo come to life, the *corps* in a mincing, foot-flexing routine, bearing a thicket of sticks. The score by one Li Keyu is vapid: cheap chinoiserie, like some sickly, insinuating airline commercial.

Miraculously, Glen Tetley's **Daphnis and Chloe** has survived since its 1975 Stuttgart Ballet premiere. Anaesthetised Ravel: perhaps Tetley never bothered to study the music. The 55-minute score simply indulged his desire to remain unfettered. Not following the exemplary precedent of Ashton's version, Tetley spares his own the rigour of a full story. His lengthy programme note suggests that he has twisted and complicated the psychology of Longus' rustic tale, but little of this is clear to the uninitiated; the choreography sprawls like a shapeless invertebrate over narrative indications in the music. It is hard to be moved, harder still to make sense of the score; the movement state is permanent climax as only Tetley knows how, the women dancers handled like carcasses in an *abattoir*.

Oddly, a programme note for Doris Humphrey's **Water Study** (1928) tells us more about the Labanotation reconstructor Virginia Freeman than either the seminal silent piece or its pioneer choreographer. The construction remains impressive, less so the image of waves gathering force, surging then subsiding, transmitted through 14 bodies who must breathe and flow in harmonious mass.

Jiri Kylian's **Symphony in D** is this season's pop number. As well as Houston, the Royal Ballet School perform it (this week), it's in the Nureyev Festival, and ITV have screened a documentary about it recently. The choreography, silly but fluent, a manically regular patter of in-house jokes to jovial Papa Haydn, makes it the best vehicle for this Houston troupe, for once engaging. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FILMS
John Coleman

Highland fling

Another Time, Another Place (15)
Gate, Notting Hill
The King of Comedy (PG)
Screen on the Hill; Gate, Mayfair
Sisters: or the Balance of Happiness (15)
ICA, Phoenix
Dark Circle (PG) and
In the King of Prussia (U)
Rio, Dalston; then Ritzy, Brixton, from 14 July

A graduate of the National Film School, Michael Radford proved his talents with *The White Bird Passes*, a drama based on the real-life experiences of a Scottish prostitute's daughter, Jessie Kesson. But pass it did, all too swiftly. 'The thing that really hurt me is that I spent a year of my life making [it]. It went out one night on . . . BBC2, won a couple of prizes and then was never seen or heard of again.' Better luck, then, with **Another Time, Another Place**, which Radford made under Channel Four auspices, with the opportunity – happily taken up by David and Barbara Stone – of a theatrical showing. The new film – again drawing on Jessie Kesson's life (Chatto are putting out her book of the same name in August) – reintroduces radiantly unglamorous Phyllis Logan, from *White Bird*, as plain Janie, wife of a dour, much older Scottish cattleman in a tiny farming community in 1944, where existence is arduous and the arrival of some Italian POWs finely calculated to stir up resentment, bewilderment and excitement.

This might be H. E. Bates or Lawrence emotional territory and, of course, unfulfilled Janie of the mannish hair and clothes, with an uncanny touch of Navratilova in the face, slowly but inevitably responds to the lust of one of the three Italians billeted in a spartan bothy near her cottage. One strength of a film that risked becoming some Gaelic equivalent of *Cold Comfort Farm*, though with harsher weather, is that it is not handsome Paolo, the Roman carpenter, who gets the girl but the street-wise Neapolitan, Luigi (Giovanni Mauriello, whose strong singing voice is used), and only by degrees: his first 'jig-a-jig' proposal is so blankly rejected he shows genuine shame. The coupling, when it comes, is rushed, uncalculated and fiercely erotic, at least the first time. Janie, as an aroused animal, gives directions for their next meeting. But she is also a romantic, attracted – as the other villagers hardly are – to the sheer eroticism of these strangers, their language (she learns a few phrases), music and dancing.

They had just seven weeks to shoot on location and Radford, his producer Simon Perry and his lighting cameraman Roger Deakins have worked wonders by *evoking* wonder at the daily routines of a whole, closed community and its mixed reception of foreigners unused to working the fields: hopeless at stooking corn, cack-handed with a flaring oil-lamp, loathing the climate. Janie's penny-pinching husband; a handsome widowed woman who refuses to go near the 'enemy' but welcomes Janie in her last hour of despair; a village hop with the men swigging from half-bottles, Janie joyously flinging round in 'The Great March and Circassian Circle', and Denise Coffey's Meg unexpectedly and sweetly warbling 'O Rowan Tree' – people and occasions are sketched in with a deftness one would call documentary if the word were not in need of a good cleaning. And, as the neglected wife blossoming into a brief rapture and resourcefulness, Phyllis Logan is magnificent.

Martin Scorsese's **The King of Comedy** casts my least favourite American phenomenon, Jerry Lewis, perfectly – as a wintry chat-show super-celebrity given to walking from the TV studios to the vast solitude of his apartment in a self-defeating attempt to warm his carapace a little through street-adulation. This utterly bleak occasion, mostly shot with a static camera as if the enormity of its vision is too chastening for flourishes, has this monster with the mostest then confronted and assailed by two greater monsters of his fame's making: Robert De Niro's Rupert Pupkin, arch-fan and aspiring stand-up comedian whose basement is kitted out with recording equipment, life-size photographic cut-outs of Liza Minnelli and Jerry, and a wall-filling blow-up of a grinning studio audience; and ugly duckling Sandra Bernhard's Masha of the devouring mouth, a rich-girl nutter intent on getting her idol Jerry to herself. De Niro's joke-natty blandness, his smiley, 'reasonable' refusal to take negatives polite and offensive as answers are nightmarish in accumulation: he has fantasies in which Jerry becomes his buddy. Finally disillusioned, he and the scatty girl kidnap Jerry – the ransom price a spot on his show, which Pupkin gets.

So scary are the proceedings, including a candle-lit scene between a tape-swathed, near-mummified Jerry and a predatory Masha in her grand house, that the moral (Pupkin becomes a media hero after a spell in jail), that nothing succeeds in showbiz like excess, goes barely heeded. If that *is* the moral . . . . This Scorsese original suggests the pressures of a more private and swamping pathology. A rictus a minute.

More Margarethe von Trotta, pre-dating *The German Sisters:* **Sisters: or the Balance of Happiness** is more approachable than last week's *Friends and Husbands*, having a simpler, even schematic narrative line. Styled a 'soul-painting', it portrays the unfortunate influence of top secretary Maria (Jutta Lampe) on the wan sister, Anna (Gudrun Gabriel), whose studies she is supporting: Anna, overborne, kills herself, bloodily. Maria unthinkingly 'replaces' her with a less malleable girl (Jessica Früh), who walks off – to mild applause from my seat – at the close. Gracelessly brief recommendation, but all concerned about our nuclear non-future should see the arresting double-bill, **Dark Circle** and **In the King of Prussia**: sane frighteners. □

ART
John Spurling

Junglies

Pagan Echoes *Riverside*
Bruce McLean *ICA*
Allen Jones *Waddington*
Peter Phillips *Barbican*
Malcolm Morley *Whitechapel*

Exhibitions of new work are suddenly a lot more fun. Out goes all the earnest, heavy stuff of yesteryear: rusty steel, still pictures, sociological diagrams and political screeds, conceptual photos, repetitive systems, barely marked abstracts; in come riotous colour, wild and woolly symbolism, strange materials, exotica and erotica. What the new work lacks in depth and seriousness – the old work mostly lacked it too – it makes up for in energy, unexpectedness and humour.

The nine young artists in the exhibition *Pagan Echoes* all refer in one way or another to ancient cultures and somebody – perhaps the *Guardian*'s art critic, Waldemar Januszcak, who selected the show – remarks hopefully in the press handout that 'it is the aura of profound meaning which attracts them to the art of the ancients'. On the contrary, the ancient cultures are used, just as the Pop painters of the Sixties used ads and images from popular mass culture, precisely for their lack of any real meaning for us. Their entertainment value lies in their lack of authenticity: if they were once totems or items of ordinary use, they have become museum curiosities and now, at a further remove, surreal oddities of vaguely ancient provenance, symbolic of a culture which reduces everything to its simplest and most instantaneous ingredients.

From the top of a huge pillar embossed with luxuriant fruit and flowers a blue mythological quadruped peers down suspiciously; a large severed woman's head (Judith's?) in stone, its hair and features partly coloured, sits on its neck on the floor; a shallow basin, with the centre hollowed out in the shape of a fish, lined with salt crystals and filled with water, is incongruously supported on four rhino-heads; little pottery objects in groups on the floor mime the contents of some forgotten burial. The word, I suppose, is *kitsch*, but it's somehow too rude and dismissive for what is at worst strikingly grotesque and at best – in the work of Kate Whiteford and Richard Wilson – imaginatively pseudo-primitive. Wilson's smoke-blackened altars of tumbled stone and Whiteford's black canvas scrawled with the simple outlines of a recumbent figure and a pair of beakers suggest the loss of a meaning at the same time as the presence of its blurred image.

Also at **Riverside** – though not part of the same exhibition – are two large paintings by Denzil Forrester, who has just

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

won the Royal College of Art's Rome Scholarship. The larger – on two panels – is a splendid example of what can be done with the new freedom from earnestness. The scene is a West Indian club, but treated with more fantasy than realism, boldly drawn and brightly coloured, its loud manner controlled and refined by a carefully plotted structure.

There's more of Kate Whiteford's work at the ICA (a corridor turned into a series of cave paintings) but the main gallery there is devoted to Bruce McLean who has embraced the new brash style of painting and turned it into a kind of performance. The over-riding purpose of his vigorous cartoon art, in which faces are masks and bodies slurps of paint, seems to be the act of improvisation itself rather than any finished result, but like any good performance it relies on considerable skill and invention for its apparently careless effect.

What, meanwhile, of the original entertainers, the golden oldies who, Hockney at their head, burst out of the Royal College in the early Sixties? Allen Jones's new sculptures are among the best and wittiest things he has done: sweetly-coloured wooden cut-outs of couples dancing, which play tricks with rhythm and dimension and set off the intricacies of the surface drawing against the simpler shapes it adheres to. On this side a lady balances demurely cheek-to-cheek against her partner, on the other she has lost her clothes and he is clasping her from behind. But two of Jones's contemporaries present a rather gloomy picture of what happens to bright young entertainers in their middle years.

Peter Phillips has never recaptured the unpretentious pleasure in pattern-making which marked his earliest work. His retrospective is rather unfairly paired at the Barbican with an exhibition of Shell advertising art – a splendid compendium of commercial good taste. Phillips's flirtation with the content and technique of glossy advertising was never really even ambivalent – he is too literal an artist for that – he simply made commercials for the consumer world in the name of art instead of commerce. About three years ago he went abstract again and began attaching objects and structures to his canvases. Marco Livingstone writes at the end of a long catalogue essay that 'Phillips continues to share with his audience the sheer pleasure of the creative act'. What I found myself sharing was the boredom and discomfort of work performed without either pleasure or necessity.

Malcolm Morley, whose retrospective is at the Whitechapel, is more in tune with the times than Phillips. Morley moved out of his brand of non-commercial commercial art in the early Seventies and is now fully engaged in the new jungle art, filling his large canvases with symbols of childhood, ancient cultures, sexuality and tropical escapism. His recent work is certainly entertaining – he's especially good at parrots – but only briefly, until one becomes aware of how undeveloped his sense of composition is, as if using all those ready-made images from postcards in his youth had dried up a whole area of his imagination for ever. When one tires of the paintings, though, one can sit down and read Michael Compton's catalogue essay, a sustained piece of art-historical hype ('the paint strokes are quite large, approximating to those of, say, Rembrandt . . .') which makes Morley's essentially trivial works sound as if they were, say, Van Goghs or Vermeers. □

THEATRE
Benedict Nightingale

Soft soap

The Winslow Boy
TERENCE RATTIGAN *Lyric, Hammersmith*
Singin' in the Rain
BETTY COMDEN and others *Palladium*
Underground
MICHAEL SLOAN *Prince of Wales*

Terence Rattigan was a friend of this mag – when he decided to pitch publicly into Shaw and Ibsen he chose us as his forum – and thought of himself as a socialist. But actually his politics, insofar as one can deduce any from his plays, amount to little more than a general faith in the slow and painful triumph of British fairmindedness and decency over bigotry, mob-thinking and, in the case of **The Winslow Boy,** a blinkered and self-serving bureaucracy. You probably know the story. Little Ronnie is booted out of naval college for pinching a postal order. His ailing father gambles his dwindling resources on proving him innocent. Before long the pomp and circumstance of Parliament itself is concentrated on the case, an event which, so Rattigan suggests, could occur only in freedom-loving England. And there do, indeed, turn out to be enough people of goodwill in all parties to ensure that right prevails. The boy's radical sister and right-wing defence lawyer come together, in what unexpectedly emerges from Michael Rudman's production at Hammersmith as the moral climax of the evening, to dedicate themselves to perpetuating this highly desirable state of affairs.

In the ugly Eighties it seems a bit complacent, and what it may in fact demonstrate is that Rattigan wasn't all that interested in politics. Few other playwrights would have been able to resist plunging us into the hurly-burly of the cockpit: the Admiralty hearing, the Commons debate, the final forensic duel before judge and jury. Apart from anything else, that would have got rid of much long-winded reportage of events offstage. But what really absorbs Rattigan is the character of those involved and the impact of those events upon them: how pure are their motives, what are the private side-effects of this public crusade, how acceptable is the damage inflicted on the father's health and bank-balance, the elder son's career, the daughter's love-life, the wife's nervous system? And, finely though he often writes, he hasn't altogether avoided cliché, contrivance and predictability in his setting-up and working-out of the play's victimology. The Winslows' struggle with state power sometimes seems little more than a rather intelligent soap-opera or Edwardian family-saga; and one that Mr Rudman, reaching for a sensitivity in the script that isn't quite there, left me (for one) finding pretty muted and sluggish as well. Still, Ian Hogg's QC, a fastidious turkey-cock, has his moments. So does Barbara Jefford as *mère* Winslow, though her underused excellence is part of my complaint against both play and production. How awful to squander so sentient, so strong, so *majestic* an actress on so nothing a character.

One way of resurrecting the great British musical is to create a new book, new lyrics and new music. But only, or almost only, Tim Rice and Andrew Lloyd Webber are as stupendously adventurous as that. So another recourse has been to blow vast holes in the fabric of old plays and fill them with melodic putty – the way of *Windy City* – and still another to transport screen sing-ins to the stage. Hence *Bugsy Malone* and, now, **Singin' in the Rain,** an expanded and more relentlessly winsome version of the celebrated film of 1952. It boasts the inordinate teeth and rather slighter talent of Tommy Steele, playing the star who makes the transition from silent movies to talkies while others founder on their overblown gestures and unsuitable voiceboxes – and bringing, let us agree, a certain jaunty charisma to his song-and-dance numbers, including that of the title. Forward shunts the city-street set. Down pours the rain, in a neat, dense shower from what would appear to be a tiny cloud marooned in the very centre of the flies. Steele prances beneath a brolly, cantering into a nearby lamp-post, which buckles under the impact. A fire-hydrant inexplicably adds a horizontal cascade to the vertical one. Steele jumps up and down in the accumulating water, just to show us that some plastic substitute isn't being used. And the applause is thunderous.

It was less loud after **Underground,** a thriller that would have seemed primaeval back in 1952. It opens arrestingly enough, with lights scudding past and the cast coyly bouncing up and down in the seats of what looks very like a moving tube-train, but speedily transforms itself into a leaden burlesque of its genre:

> There's nowhere to run, there's nowhere to hide . . . Perhaps you'd explain how you happened to be standing in the door with the murder-weapon in your hand . . . Well, I do feel better now we're all on first-name terms.

Oh well, the author can claim that, at least until his somewhat inscrutable solution emerges, much of the dialogue is *meant* to sound phoney. What he might find harder to explain is: first, what London Transport thinks it's doing, leaving a train and a stretch of the District Line to be used for two-odd hours of murder-drama; second, what Raymond Burr, Alfred Marks and several other dignified-looking thespians think they're doing here at all. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

WEEKEND COMPETITION

No 2778 **Set by Toby Jugge**

You know (at least, you ought to know) those yarns which are spun by Frank Muir and Denis Norden at the end of the programme *My Word!*, in which they explain, wittily and implausibly, the origin of some well-known phrase. To take a random example, 'There's a breathless hush in the close tonight' inspired Frank Muir to give a lengthy history of underwear, concluding with the line: 'There's a brief, less harsh, in the clothes tonight.' The fine and noble firm of Methuen is now about to publish *The Complete and Utter 'My Word!' Collection* and has most generously donated copies to ride on this comp. What you must do is provide a story, *à la* Muir-Norden, on the subject of one of the following phrases: Your tiny hand is frozen; But soft, what light from yonder window breaks?; The quality of mercy is not strained; Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?; The darling buds of May; Every cloud has a silver lining. Max. 240 words, by 22 July. We are pleased to announce that the comp will be judged by Muir and Norden themselves, so get your wits sharpened.

No 2775 **Set by G. L. Jessop**

Verse profiles of ministers.

Report **By Len the Unlucky**

No room for me; nine quid apiece for you.

Norman Tebbit

Picture him in oil upon an easel
As a weasel with a long and solemn jaw –
Or perhaps you should be painting him in diesel
With a teazle made of steel inside his paw.

He's a man whose blank expression never wavers,
One who savours the saliva on his tongue,
A fellow disinclined to granting favours,
Never quavers when another knell is rung.

For he's not the sort of man to mollycoddle:
In his noddle there's an automatic spring;
With emotions like a Madame Tussaud model,
But a prod'll make him finish anything.

And his hand seems made to hold a little hatchet,
While a ratchet moves the cogs inside his mind;
If there's Scrooging, he's the Marley who can match it,
And the Cratchits are to quicker fates consigned.

WILL BELLENGER

Cecil Parkinson

Why should clean-shaven, pin-striped, bryl-creemed Cecil
Recall so perfectly an empty vessel?
Although proverbially they make most noise
Smooth Cecil speaks with soft, Thatcherian poise;
He's not jug-eared – at least, not much; besides,
That's merely due to his short-back-and-sides;
And as for 'vessel' as in 'boat', it's true
He *could* be purser of the QE2,
But surely more a suave, sleek merchant banker
Than skipper of a fishing smack or tanker?
Let's put the emphasis on 'empty', then –
Of course! He's one of Eliot's Hollow Men;
Behind his waxen mask's a waxen brain
That feels no pity, sympathy or pain;
The cabinet is full of fools and frauds,
But only he could grace Madame Tussaud's.

PETER NORMAN

Nigel Lawson

His schoolboy name, apparently, was 'Smuggins';
Ah yes! a smug but put-upon young muggins
Is just the type for Thatcher's cabinet,
A plump, short-trousered, priggish teacher's pet:
'I say you chaps, check every plus and minus –
We don't want to antagonise Her Highness!'
But now his Tory colleagues call him 'Niglet' –
Redolent of a niggling, pipsqueak piglet
Who's fat enough to fight his fellows off
And keep his own snout firmly in the trough
(Orwellianly, they've routed Farmer Prior,
And sly young Niglet rises ever higher).
Let's face it, it's a funny sort of fella
Whose daughter's name is actually Nigella.

A. HARRADEN

FIRST PERSON

Anne Smith

Vote on offer

I COULDN'T vote Labour in the last election. Partly because of Michael Foot. Despite the fact that the press kept telling me how the party loves him to a man, that he is fond of Swift and kind to animals, I just couldn't face the prospect of four years of that sagging-soapbox style of rhetoric, with pauses in all the wrong places and every sentence curling up at the end like a railway sandwich.

I could not forgive him either for clinging to the leadership even when it was clear that by doing so he was making a significant contribution to the Tory landslide. It reminded me too much of the churlish Heath metaphorically hanging on to the piano legs as they tried to prise him away from No. 10 in '74, or the sinister Nixon, prolonging his martyred farewell to an ungrateful nation that couldn't conceal its collective foot tapping impatiently to see the back of him. These may be cruel words to use of the cloth-capped intellectuals' section of the Labour Party's last symbol of integrity, but I am very fed up with all the Brutus-is-an-honourable-man stuff we've been dished up about him by the patronising press, and, as they say, I tell it as I see it.

The manifesto too was clearly an old-style cynical compromise with the left, perhaps even an insincere attempt to show them what would happen if an election was for once fought on their ideas. But the spectacle of Denis Healey defending unilateral disarmament with all the sincerity of a deeply embarrassed man, and Hattersley reciting his anti-Common Market lesson likewise, and vice-versa, was too much. The prospect of a social contract by any other name smelled, too. If I want Murray or Scargill to run the country again I'll say. Like most of the rest of the nation, all I could foresee coming from this was a wages free-for-all in which the richest unions benefited most, followed by even more rapidly rising unemployment.

On the other hand, I'd let myself be thrown to the lions rather than vote for the Tories, with Tarzan swinging from dual key to dual key and Enamel Woman offering free discipline sessions to the unemployed. No more could I vote Alliance. The Liberal Party has always seemed to me more like a travelling circus than a serious political proposition, with Cyril Smith as the Fat Man, Clement Freud bearing an uncanny resemblance to the Bearded Lady in old sepia prints, the Boy David a midget who's just shot up like forced rhubarb overnight, David Penhaligan as the broken-hearted clown, and now Roy Jenkins as the spluttering claret-complexioned ringmaster . . .

Give 'em a chance all the same, I thought, till I heard the Alliance candidate for Edinburgh Central reply to a pensioner's query at a meeting in Leith about how she (the pensioner) was going to live for the next four years. 'Money isn't everything', came the sage, sympathetic response, 'there's always Chopin.' No doubt the auld wifie would have gone on to say, 'Exactly, and I can't afford to go shoappin' these days,' but I didn't hear her.

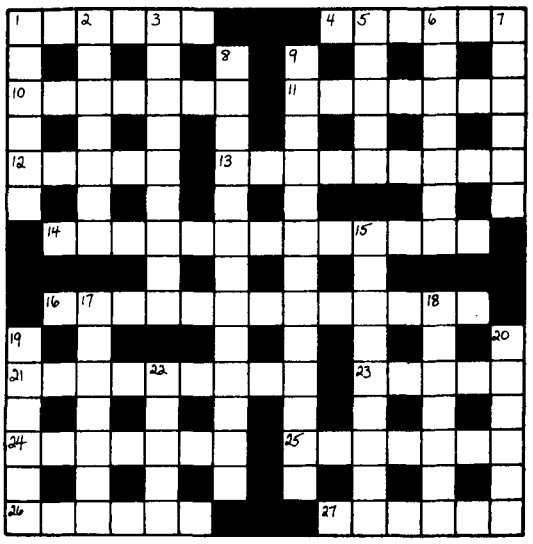
I swung back to Labour, only to hear someone boast about the amount of money they were going to put into the social services. That did it. The social services, to my mind, don't need even more job-creation schemes for fledgling social workers. What they need is to be abolished in their entirety, and the vast sums now spent on them lavished instead on education and the NHS, so that every child born in this country starts with a chance. Notice, I don't say an *equal* chance – that would be Utopian – but right now the vast majority have no chance at all. The party that cares more for children than for foxes and badgers will not only get my vote, but my full-time door-to-door support in any election. Needless to say, though, in this land of tacit compromise where more money is spent on Pedigree Chum than on aid to the Third World, there's little likelihood that my services will be required.

So I voted Communist, by way of protest. Now, I thought, that will buck the poor fella up, he'll have three votes instead of just his own and his wife's. In fact, he got 119 votes – in Central Edinburgh, the Georgian New Town peopled almost exclusively by lawyers and accountants! Where are these other 116 fiery radicals, I ask myself now as I walk to the newsagents to collect my *NS* from under the counter, where it's placed to avoid contamination by the *Telegraph* and *Spectator*. And, following the Tory landslide, do you think we'll be purged? □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Weekend Crossword 1406

PRIZES: £5 Book Tokens for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1406, New Statesman, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU, by first post 19 July.



Name_____

Address_____

ACROSS

1. Birds which put bird noise into writing. (6)
4. He may be one who gives a fellow a sword, but he is more used to the ploughshare. (6)
10. She exclaimed about a brave new world. (7)
11. Accounts for explosive noises. (7)
12. Get up although caught by the leg. (5)
13. One who increases publicity for the poisoner. (9)
14. Nine and ten matter in providing something to enjoy. (13)
16. Value of a harvester in a place near London. (13)
21. One girl is torn to pieces when in a politician's grip as form of punishment. (9)
23. Liberal manners in beastly places. (5)
24. At the inn this reception would be something new. (7)
25. For which one needs to be numerate although it is a matter of letters. (7)
26. Rates at which the southern seas recede. (6)
27. Would be unhappy if died surrounding this force. (6)

DOWN

1. The unoriginal road doubly provided with gas. (6)
2. Although it is dead it sounds as if it is to continue. (7)
3. The turn before the interval may be fencing. (9)
5. Literary river with a high mark. (5)
6. Where people are about to travel. (7)
7. Haunt amid dreaming spires or tranquil meadows. (6)
8. Stranger moving in shows concern about favourite luggage being overweight. (13)
9. Lifting a scarf loosely as a means to stop a car. (13)
15. Faint brightness which makes a thing loom strangely. (9)
17. To follow the trend I take a partner without it. (7)
18. Covering for part of body comes in useful to prevent him bleeding. (7)
19. Faints to make a saint make love to us. (6)
20. If the awards were given without love, there would be signs of fighting. (6)
22. Land-owner with a tune in his heart. (5)

SETSQUARE

Solution to 1405

T	E	R	R	A	I	N	■	B	E	S	H	R	E	W
O	■	E	■	C	■	E	■	A	■	U	■	O	■	E
U	S	A	G	E	■	L	A	Y	A	B	O	U	T	S
R	■	P	■	T	■	S	■	S	■	U	■	N	■	T
I	M	P	R	I	S	O	N	■	B	R	I	D	G	E
S	■	E	■	C	■	N	■	R	■	B	■	■	■	R
T	R	A	P	■	T	E	L	E	V	I	S	I	O	N
■	■	R	■	F	■	D	■	D	■	A	■	N	■	■
M	I	S	C	O	N	D	U	C	T	■	A	D	A	M
I	■	■	■	R	■	Y	■	U	■	S	■	E	■	A
R	O	T	H	E	R	■	T	R	O	P	I	C	A	L
A	■	O	■	S	■	B	■	R	■	O	■	O	■	L
C	A	F	E	T	E	R	I	A	■	N	E	R	V	O
L	■	F	■	E	■	E	■	N	■	G	■	U	■	W
E	N	S	U	R	E	D	■	T	H	E	R	M	O	S

Prizewinners to 1405

Richard Crosher (Bradford)
G. Gowland (Newcastle-upon-Tyne)
Ann Sangster (Whitburn, W. Lothian)

CLASSIFIED ADS

Phone: 01-251 5487
Deadline for ads – Normally noon Tuesdays for publication on Fridays

Rates **Lineage:** for private 'Lonely Hearts' ads under Personal – £1.60 per unit of 6 words (min. 2 units £3.20).
For all other classifications – £1.70 per unit of 6 words (min. 2 units £3.40).
First two words automatically bold, further bold words cost 30p each.
Box number service – U.K. £2 per insertion. Overseas £4 per insertion.
Display: £7.30 per single column centimetre (min. 3 s.c.c. – £21.90). **Special rate for charities – £6.30 per s.c.c.** (min. 3 s.c.c. £18.90).
Generous discounts for a series of ads are available. Ring for a quotation

All private ads must be prepaid. Post to: CLASSIFIED DEPT., THE NEW STATESMAN, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU.
Telex – 28499.
To reply to a Box, write to Box No. ... at the above address

Appointments

FU BERLIN

An der Freien Universität Berlin sind folgende Stellen zu besetzen:

Fachbereich Philosophie und Sozialwissenschaften II

– Institut für Ethnologie –

2 Stellen Professor/in (C 4)

Aufgabengebiet: Ethnologische Theorie, Empirische Forschungen. **Einstellungsvoraussetzung:** §134 Berliner Hochschulgesetz. **Erwünscht ist ferner:** a) regionale Kompetenz in Afrika, vorzugsweise Nord- bzw. Ostafrika. b) regionale Kompetenz in Asien, vorzugsweise Naher und Mittlerer Osten. Bewerbungen mit den üblichen Unterlagen innerhalb von 6 Wochen unter Angabe der Kennziffer a) E/1/83 bzw. b) E/2/83 an Fachbereich Philosophie und Sozialwissenschaften II, Habelschwerdter Allee 45, D-1000 Berlin 33.

Die Freie Universität ist bemüht, Wissenschaftlerinnen besonders zu fördern und strebt eine Erhöhung des Anteils von Frauen am wissenschaftlichen Personal an.

RESEARCH OFFICER

The Society of Civil and Public Servants, the Trade Union representing 95,000 members in the Civil Service and other public bodies, invites applications for a part-time post (2½ days per week) of Research Officer. The post works to the Head of Research, taking primary responsibility for particular areas of work and assisting with others. Knowledge or previous experience of health and safety at work would be desirable, but all candidates of ability will be considered. High standard of drafting work needed, together with ability to handle statistical information.

Starting pay for the post is **£5,106** (i.e. half the full rate), including *Inner London Weighting of £610. The salary scale, inclusive of ILW, is* **£5,106 to £5,719.** The annual leave allowance is 15 days. The post is not superannuable but this is under review.

Applications for the post should be sent to: **The General Secretary, Society of Civil and Public Servants, 124/130 Southwark Street, London SE1 0TU,** by **21 July, 1983,** enclosing full CV including details of education, employment and trade union experience.

society of civil & public servants

Applicants should give a daytime telephone number for contact purposes. Interviews for short-listed candidates will take place on **25 July, 1983.**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

AREA TUTOR ORGANISER

(with special responsibility for work with the unemployed)

This post is based in the Bexley and Bromley area, but will also include a District-wide responsibility for developing and co-ordinating our work with the unemployed. Some experience in the education of adults, preferably with the WEA, and some organisational experience will be expected.

Salary within the range: **£5,883-£11,568**

WEA

Application forms and further particulars from: **The District Secretary, WEA, South Eastern District, 4 Castle Hill, Rochester, Kent ME1 1QQ,** enclosing stamped addressed foolscap envelope, to be returned by **12 August.**

Northern Region Co-operatives Development Association

NRCDA

Appointment of DEVELOPMENT OFFICER

This post is an addition to our existing team of three development officers. The person appointed will promote and provide services to the growing number of new co-operatives in the North-East.
They will be expected to concentrate on helping women in Workers' and Community co-operatives and contribute to our developing education training programmes.

The salary is £7,005 per annum
Closing date for application: 22 July 1983

Mrs. N. V. Holmes, NRCDA, Bolbec Hall
Westgate Road, Newcastle upon Tyne, NE1 1SE Tel: 0632 610140

University of Liverpool

Department of Political Theory and Institutions

Applications are invited for the post of

LECTURER

in the Department of Political Theory and Institutions. Applicants should be qualified to teach in the areas of quantitative methods and computer applications in political science.
The initial salary will be within the range **£7,190-£8,530** per annum on a scale rising to **£14,125** per annum. Applications, together with the names of three referees, should be received not later than **21 July 1983,** by

The Registrar, The University, P.O. Box 147, Liverpool L69 3BX, from whom further particulars may be obtained. Quote Ref: RV/974.

PART TIME ASSISTANT EDITOR

sought to help edit a new bi-monthly journal exclusively devoted to a review of books on the **Third World.**

Knowledge of Third World and journal production processes. Salary negotiable. Working conditions flexible.

Apply to: Publisher/Editor, Third World Book Review, PO Box 122, London EC1R 0DT

LENDRICK MUIR SCHOOL
Rumbling Bridge, Kinross
Scotland

RESIDENT HOUSEMOTHER

Scale: £5,352-£5,841

Driving licence and willingness to share in meal and sleeping-in duties essential. Although we are especially interested in someone who has the capacity and enthusiasm for active music-making others should not feel disbarred from applying.

Please send particulars of referees and previous careers to Headmaster who can provide further details.

OV SELECTION CATERS for the more mature person as well as graduates and 'A' level students with typing and office skills. Phone Odette Veazey, OV Selection (Emp. Agy.) Abford House, 15 Wilton Road, London, SW1V 1LT. 01-828 8345.

Personal

ANALYTISCH ORIENTIERTE PSYCHOTHERAPIE von Deutscher in London niedergelassener Therapeutin. 01-888 0693.

ANGLO-FRENCHMAN, 60, from Croydon, wishes to meet lady for caring companionship, concerts, plays, and tea for two. Box 6234.

ANXIOUS ABOUT privacy? Mail received, personal or business, with total confidentiality. £1.50 p.w. 'Answer & Receive', 21 Kensington Park Road, London W11. 01-229 1888 (you can collect, or we can readdress by arrangement).

ARE YOU a lively minded individual, aged 18-80, enjoying the arts, discussions, conferences, communications, rambles, dancing? The Progressive League caters for Mind, Body and Intellectual Stimulus. And it's so cheap. Ring 01-452 8358.

DATELINE'S PSYCHOLOGICALLY accurate introductions lead to pleasant friendships, spontaneous affairs and firm, lasting relationships including marriage. All ages, all areas. Free details: Dateline Computer Dating Dept. (NT), 23 Abingdon Rd, London W8. Tel. 01-938 1011.

DRISCOLL HOUSE, 200 single rooms, p.b. £45 p.w. 172 New Kent Rd, London SE1. 01-703 4175.

EXPERIENCED, CARING PSYCHOTHERAPISTS. 01-794 6810, 01-586 4109, 01-883 5418.

ISOLATED HOMOSEXUAL women read Sequel Magazine. Reply: B/M Sequel, London WC1N 3XX.

PIANO TUNER, reliable, North London only unless repairs needed. Denys Parsons MSc, 01-340 4695.

SCANDINAVIA'S LEADING correspondence magazine read in 100 countries, £2.50. Penfriends (NS), 45 Sandringham Road, Norwich, Norfolk NR2 3RZ.

LISTINGS

FRI 8 JULY

TOTTENHAM Fund raising social for May 3rd Defence Campaign. 8pm-midnight Brabant Road Community Centre. Tickets £2/£1 unwaged. **Org May 3rd Defence Campaign c/o No 5 Annex B, Tottenham Town Hall, Town Hall Aproach Rd, N15 01-802 0911.**

SAT 9 JULY

TOTTENHAM Demo May 3rd Defence Campaign. Assemble 2pm Ducketts Common (Turnpike Lane tube). March to Civic Centre and Tottenham Police Stn. Rally at High Cross Lower School, Park View Road, N17.

LONDON 'Interested in going to China?' Talks and slide-shows 10.30-4.30pm, St Pancras Church House, Lancing Street, NW1. £2 non members/£1 members. **Org SACU (Society for Anglo-Chinese Understanding) 01-267 9841.**

BAMBURGH, Northumberland. 'The ILP Yesterday and Today'. Spkrs David Howell and Barry Winter. Celebration of 90th anniversary of the founding of ILP. **Details ILP, 49 Top Moor Side, Leeds 0532 430613.**

EDINBURGH Feminist Writers Conference. Women only. Free creche, lunch, coffee, tea available. Accommodation available – bring sleeping bag. **Details and Registration Lavender Menace Bookshop, 11a Forth Street, Edinburgh 031-556 0079.**

SHEFFIELD Strategy for Free Access Conf. for all interested and actively involved in campaigning for access to our rural heritage 11am-4.30pm Bow Centre, Holly Street. £2.50/£1 unwaged. To be followed by Mass Trespass on Midhope Moor on Sun 10th July. Overnight accommodation available. **Details Julian Batsleen, 50 Ogard Rd, Hoddesdon, Herts. 0992 441705.**

SUN 10 JULY

LONDON Vigil 'Support War Resisters Against Apartheid' at St Martin-in-the-Fields, Trafalgar Sq. 2-4pm. **Org The Committee on South African War Resistance, BM Box 2190, WC1N 3XX.**

SHEFFIELD Mass Trespass on Midhope Moor. **Details: Julian Batsleen, 50 Ogard Road, Hoddesdon, Herts. (0992-441705).**

LONDON Report by Avraham Shomroni on MAPAM Conference in Israel. Adm 75p. 8pm. **37 Broadhurst Gdns NW6. Org MAPAM.**

LONDON 'The Uses of Ideas': Harold Blackham. 11am Library Conway Hall, 25 Red Lion Sq, WC1. **Org South Place Ethical Society.**

BATTERSEA PARK 4th annual Summer Festival. 12-6pm. Org Battersea & Wandsworth Trades Council. **Details and stalls Melvin Benn 01-622 9966/01-228 9154.**

MON 11 JULY

LONDON 'The Offshore Island' by Marghanita Laski. 8pm Old Red Lion, St John Street, EC1. **Tickets 01-221 2064.**

BATTERSEA 'Cock Ups'. 8pm Bridge Lane Theatre, Bridge Lane, SW11. Tickets £2.50/concessions £1.50/membs. 25p. **01-228 8828.**

TUES 12 JULY

RICHMOND 'Marx would be turning in his grave'. Spkrs incl Prof David McLellan, Kent University. 8pm Starr House, 57 Church Rd. **Org Richmond Labour Party.**

WED 13 JULY

LONDON 'Acid Rain – Britain's hidden export to Europe?' Public Meeting 7pm Grand Committee Room, House of Commons, SW1. Adm. free. **Details SERA 01-439 3749.**

LONDON South Africa and the threat of nuclear war. Spkr Hilda Bernstein. 7pm Grafton Arms, 72 Grafton Way, W1. **Details Roger Manser 01-302 7323. Org. END, 227 Seven Sisters Rd, N4 01-272 1236.**

LONDON Public Meeting 'Trafalgar 9 Defence Campaign' 7.30pm Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq, WC1. **Details: Amandla Kitson, Trafalgar 9 Defence Campaign, c/o 22 Brownlow Mews, WC1N 2LA.**

LONDON 'Conflict in Self and Society' – 3rd of five workshops on non-violence. Spkr Alec Davison (Quaker Home Service) 6.45-8.45pm St James's Church, 197 Piccadilly, W1. **Org Dunamis 01-437 6851.**

THURS 14 JULY

LONDON 'Fear of freedom – the development of the personality in a capitalist society'. Public meeting 8pm Prince Albert Pub, Wharfedale Road, Kings Cross, N1. Spkr S. Coleman. Adm. free. **Org Socialist Party of Great Britain 01-622 3811.**

FRI 15 JULY

NOTTINGHAM Shelter Housing Conference University of Nottingham. **Details and booking form: The Conference Organiser, Shelter, 157 Waterloo Road, London, SE1 8XF. 01-633 9377. Closing date 11 July.**

SAT 16 JULY

LONDON Public Meeting called by Liberation Network – for People with Disabilities. 2-5pm Room B28 Morley College, 61 Westminster Bridge Rd, SE1. **Details Michaline Mason 01-673 4310/Neil Harvey 01-318 2002.**

WALSALL Peace Festival at West Midlands College, 130 Old Town Lane, Pelsall, Walsall, Staffs. **Org CND.**

LONDON Human Chain from USA to USSR Embassies. **Details CND 01-388 1628.**

LONDON Labour Movement Conference on Ireland. 10am Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq, WC1. Delegates £3/Observers £2. **Registration Box 189, 32 Ivor Pl, NW1.**

SUN 17 JULY

CANTERBURY March for Life on Earth to Greenham. Mixed sexes and ages. Arrive Greenham Hiroshima Day 6 Aug. **Details Ann, Sevenoaks 461266/Jim, Maidstone 77043.**

FORTHCOMING

18-24 JULY Finchley Peace Week. **Details Teresa 01-440 3372/Sarah 01-346 7740/Angie 01-445 0522.**

20 JULY London 'Regaining Labour's Lost Ground'. Spkr Peter Shore. 7.30pm Committee Rm 9, House of Commons, SW1. All welcome. **Org. Central London Fabian Society.**

21 JULY Ealing CND Group Meeting. 7.30pm St Andrews United Reform Church Hall, Mount Park Rd, W5.

21 JULY Newcastle Latin American Folk Concert to celebrate 4th Anniversary of Nicaragua's revolution. 'Awatinas' – 6-member Bolivian Folk Band, El Salvadoran singer Mauricio Bonilla. Tickets (£1.75/£1.25 unwaged) from St Thomas Church, Newcastle 320842 or Days of Hope bookshop or at door. **Org. Newcastle Latin American Front.**

22-24 JULY 'Has Socialism a Future?' Conference at Manchester Poly S.U. Spkrs incl Hilary Wainwright, Jeremy Seabrook, David Rubinstein. **Details and booking Labour Co-ordinating Committee, 9 Poland St, London W1.**

23 JULY Merthyr Tydfil Folk Evening for CND. 8pm Bethesda Community Arts Centre. Bar, singers, live theatre. Tickets 50p from **Anthony Evans 0685-73231.**

23-24 JULY Leeds 4th Annual Co-ops Fair. **Details Co-ops Fair Group, c/o Newham CDA, 55 West Ham Lane, Stratford, London, E15 01-519 2377.**

26 JULY Birmingham 'Drunkenness Offenders – Some Proposals for change.' One-day conf. 10.30am-4pm Friends Meeting House, Bull Street. **Details and Application Don Steele, FARE, 3 Grosvenor Crescent, London SW1 01-235 0600/01-235 0609.**

29 JULY-5 AUG London to **Greenham** Women's walk for Peace and Disarmament. As well as walkers they need a bus and driver. **Org Women for Life on Earth 01-699 6712.**

29 JULY-9 AUGUST Women for Life on Earth Star Marches 1983. London to Greenham. **Details 01-699 6712/01-701 4566.** Marches will converge on Greenham from all over the country on Hiroshima Day, 6 August. **For details of other marches: London Greenham Office, 5 Leonards Street, EC2 01-251 3133.**

Sorry, but we can't accept entries over the phone. Entries must be received by Friday preceding issue date. We reserve the right to exclude items without giving reasons and are not responsible for errors. Space is strictly limited so if you definitely want your item to appear, we suggest you book it as an ad. under the appropriate classified heading. See main heading for rates, etc.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THEATRE

BLOOMSBURY 387 9629
Gordon Street, WC1
SUPER ICHIZA
in
ROCK KABUKI
12 July-6 August 7.30 p.m.

COMEDY 930 2578
SLEAMING
from Theatre Royal, Stratford
Neil Dunn's first stage play
"laughter, hard truth and compassion" Sun. Times
voted Comedy of the Year '81 (SWET)
Seats £2.50-£6.50

CROYDON WAREHOUSE 688 4066
Dingwall Road
Croydon, Surrey
TARA ARTS GROUP presents
THE PASSAGE
A dramatic account of family honour
12-16 July 7.30 p.m.

NEW END 435 6663
Peter Gale's brilliant new play
'HOPKINS!'
18-23 July 8 p.m.
A dramatisation of the life of
poet Gerard Manley Hopkins

Join our FREE mailing list. Send see to Dept NS,
THEATRE DESPATCH, 31 Shelton St., WC2H 9HT

Theatres

APOLLO VICTORIA. HOT LINES 01-828 8665, 01-834 0253, 01-834 6177.
TOPOL
'Super-star' D. Exp.
in
FIDDLER ON THE ROOF
'Every detail of this marvellous revival works superbly' Gdn.
'This is family entertainment at its best' D. Mir.
Evgs 7.30 Mats Thu. & Sat. 2.30
LIMITED SEASON
cc Theatre Bkgs Ltd 01-930 9232. Group Sales 01-379 6061. Party Bkgs 01-828 6188.

BARBICAN THEATRE. 01-628 8795, cc 01-638 8891, 24 hour info. 01-628 2295. Few day seats £4 from 10 a.m. S.
ROYAL SHAKESPEARE COMPANY
'THE ROARING GIRL' riotous Jacobean comedy by Middleton & Dekker, final perfs 8-12 July. 'MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING' 13-16 July. Booking now open for new season from 21 July – 'CYRANO DE BERGERAC', 'MACBETH', 'THE TEMPEST'. THE PIT – 'THE BODY' by Nick Darke, final perfs 8-12 July "a very powerful and funny play" Kaleidoscope. Booking now open for new season from 20 July 'TARTUFFE', 'ARDEN OF FAVERSHAM' 'MOLIERE'.

NATIONAL THEATRE. 01-928 2252. Olivier (open stage) 'Guys and Dolls', 'The Rivals'. Lyttelton (proscenium stage) 'A Map of the World', 'Inner Voices'. Cottesloe (small auditorium) 'The Fawn'. See daily press for dates and times or ring recorded information 01-928 2256.

THEATRE GOERS please note: cc – Credit cards; S – Student standby.

Meetings

SATURDAY 18 JULY AGM of the Public Enterprise Group 10.45 a.m. Cole Room, Fabian Society, 11 Dartmouth Street, London. 'Has Public Enterprise a Future?' Led by Don Roy Chairman of PEG.

THEOSOPHY. S.a.e. for free pamphlets, book list, programme of activities. Sunday, 10 July, 8 p.m. Informal Q/A Meeting. 'What is Theosophy?' ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2 3AL.

Courses

University of London
Goldsmiths' College

Part-Time Degree
Day or Evening Study

PSYCHOLOGY
Four-Year Course

Psychology course includes: personality, experimental, physiological, social, abnormal, developmental and cognitive psychology.

Full details from: Registry, University of London, Goldsmiths' College, New Cross, London SE14 6NW. Tel: (01) 692 7171.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTE OF FLORENCE

Offers summer study programmes in a most attractive Florentine setting. There are Italian language courses at all levels, Italian Renaissance lecture courses and Drawing courses. Splendid library and premises in central Florence. Accommodation arranged if required.

Prospectus and full details from:
David Rundle, The Director
British Institute
Lungarno Guicciardini 9, FLORENCE
Tel: 010-39 55 284 031

Learn German in Hamburg

Combine your holiday with a language course
— additional political and cultural programme
— communal living situations available

Write for further information!
Heinrich-Heine-Cooperative
Centre for alternative
language-learning
Nernstweg 32-34, D-2000 Hamburg 50,
tel.: 040/3903372
Federal Republic of Germany

Literary

PUBLISH YOUR BOOKS with New Writers' Association. S.a.e. for particulars. 43 Windus Road, London N16 6UT.

Services

SDP/LIB volunteers required to work with the Centre Party in NW London. Tel: 01-459 6828.

Records

MONGOLIAN NOSE FLUTES? Not yet but we're trying. For all Third World 'Ethnic' Records, including Pan-Pipes, African Tribal, Gamelan, Gagaku, Indian Ragas. Free catalogue s.a.e. to: Triple Earth Records, (Dept MRS1), 4 Bedford Rd, London W4 1JJ.

Publications

REVIEW COPIES and other books in fine condition bought and sold by Vermilion Books, 57 Red Lion Street, London WC1. Tel: 01-242 5822.

Marxism Today

Theoretical journal of the Communist Party
Price 75 pence. Published monthly

JULY Issue Includes

FOCUS: Nicaragua/Shipbuilding/ Indonesia.

FEATURES:
Andrew Gamble: Thatcher: The *Second Coming.*
Doreen Massey: The Dimensions of Defeat.
Vicky Seddon: Sexual Harassment at work.
Brian Wood: Impasse in Namibia

INTERVIEW with Jeremy Isaacs, Chief Executive Channel 4.

CHANNEL 5:
Sir Terence Conran. Young British Novelists. Italian Summers.

plus reviews, letters and notes

SUBSCRIPTION RATE FOR ONE YEAR:
INLAND:
Individuals £9.00, Institutions £12.00.
OVERSEAS:
Individuals £12.00, Institutions £15.00.
Make cheque/PO payable to:
Central Books,
14 Leathermarket, London SE1 3ER.

Cinema

MADNESS AND CINEMA
AT THE NATIONAL FILM THEATRE
1-22 July including:
GASLIGHT, REPULSION, M, THE TENDERNESS OF WOLVES, • SPELLBOUND, THE THREE FACES OF EVE AND FAMILY LIFE

Tickets £2.20 reserved
£1.70 unreserved
Membership from 65p weekly

National Film Theatre
South Bank, London, SE1
Box Office: Tel. 01-928 3232

National Film Theatre NFT

Property

60 MARKET STREET, Hebden Bridge, West Yorks. Dining-kitchen, two bedrooms, bathroom, studio-attic, courtyard, workshop. £8,500 cash. S.a.e. for details house/town.

Secretarial

AUDIO/COPY TYPING: Literary and business, etc. Tel. 0783 292984 after 5 p.m.

QUALITY typing. English, German, French. Moderate charges. Anne Shotts: 01-452 8617.

Financial

IMMEDIATE ADVANCES £100-£25,000. Written terms on request. Regional Trust Ltd, 31 Dover Street, London W1A 4RT. 01-491 2934.

SALARIED PERSONS *Postal Loans* Ltd. *Loans from* £50. 175 Regent Street, W1. For written quote apply: Tel. 01-734 1974.

Holidays/Travel

HOSPITALITY & COMFORT Welsh Hills. Dinner, B&B, £60 p.w. Bonner, Bron Fadog, Trefriw, Gwynedd LL27 0QA. Tel: (0492) 640 566.

JOURNEY LATIN AMERICA. Low cost flights, holiday journeys. 3-6 weeks. JLA, 10 Barleymow Passage, London W4. 01-747 3108.

NORFOLK COTTAGE, self-contained flat, sleeps 2, garden, pottery, from £25 p.w., also weekends. (0362) 820847.

TRIED THE REST, now try the best. For low air fares to world-wide destinations inc. Africa. SHL, 313A Hoe Street, London E17. Tel: 01-520 7911.

ALBANIA £190 17-30 Sept.
Hotel at Durres Beach supplies full board and a fine series of excursions to TIRANA, BERAT, KRUJA, SKODER, ELBASAN at moderate prices
YORKSHIRE TOURS
49 Thornton Lodge Road, Huddersfield HD1 3JQ
Phone 0484 24269

LAKE BALATON & BUDAPEST 30 July-9 August £180
13-23 August £170
Full board, Lakeside hotel near SIOFOK
INCLUDES full touring programme
SPECIAL REDUCTIONS FOR GROUPS OF SIX
YORKSHIRE TOURS
49 Thornton Lodge Road, Huddersfield HD1 3JQ
Phone: 0484 24269

MOSCOW £180, KIEV £170: 13-23 Aug.
By SLEEPER EXPRESS, Budapest/Moscow
FULL BOARD & SIGHT-SEEING INCLUDED
SPECIAL REDUCTIONS FOR GROUPS OF SIX
YORKSHIRE TOURS
49 Thornton Lodge Road, Huddersfield HD1 3JQ
Phone: 0484 24269

ZAKOPANE & KRAKOW, 31 July-10 August £180
Superb scenery in the TATRA MOUNTAINS
FULL BOARD AT HOTEL
INCLUDES fine sightseeing programme
YORKSHIRE TOURS
49 Thornton Lodge Road, Huddersfield HD1 3JQ
Phone 0484 24269

American College Library
Big Sandy, Texas

Incorporating 'The Nation', 'The Athenaeum' and 'The Week-end Review'. Registered as a newspaper. Printed by QB Ltd, Sheepen Place, Colchester. Published by the Statesman & Nation Publishing Co. Ltd at 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU. Second class postage paid at New York NY.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED